TAMIL HEROIC POEMS

Dr. G.U. POPE

உலகத் தமிழாராய்ச்சி நிறுவனம்

INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE OF TAMIL STUDIES

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TAMIL HEROIC POEMS

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By

A Late Tamil Scholar

Dr. G.U. POPE, M.A., D.D.

Author of
English Translations of
Thirukkural, Naladiyar and Tiruvasagam

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International Institute of Tamil Studies

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EDITORIAL NOTE

TAMIL HEROIC POEMS

Dr. S. Ramar Ilango
International Institute of Tamil Studies
Chennai

Tamil Heroic Poems by Dr.G.U.Pope first published in 1910 was reproduced by the South India Saiva Siddhantha Works Publishing Society, Tirunelveli in 1973, in connection with the Platinum Jubilee Celebrations of Padmashri V. Subbiah Pillai. The Managing Director of the above publishing society Mr. Muthukumarasamy has added a few annexes.

Dr. G.U. Pope who developed a deep love for Tamil language and literature did yeoman service to the cause of Tamil Culture by translating some of the ancient Tamil works namely Purananuru and Purapporul Venpa Malai besides his famous translations of Tirukkural, Nalatiyar and Tiruvacakam. The International Institute of Tamil Studies is proud to reproduce and make available this remarkable work by Dr. G.U. Pope to the modern reader.

The International Institute of Tamil Studies has taken up the unenviable task of reproducing this translation since it is not available now for the users.

This book is published with the financial help of the Directorate of Tamil Development under the scheme of translation of Tamil works into other languages. We are grateful to the Director, Tamil Development, Govt. of Tamilnadu.

Our thanks are also due to Hon'ble Minister for Tamil Official Language, Culture, Hindu Religious and Charitable Endowments Dr. M. Tamilkudimagan, and to Thiru V.

Palanichamy, I.A.S. Secretary to Govt. Department, Tamil Development - Culture, who are the constant source of help and encouragement in developing the Institute to newer heights.

DIRECTOR

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Publishers' Preface

We have immense pleasure in reproducing the English translations of the Pura-Porul Venba-Malai and the Pura-nanuru from the pen of the great savant Dr. G. U. Pope. They were originally published in the Asiatic Quarterly Review and then in the Siddhanta Deepika (The Light of Truth) and in the Tamilian Antiquary. They were also published in book form in 1910. Thereafter, they fell into disuse and disappeared for nearly half a century. The Managing Director of this firm, Tamarai Selvar (Padma Shri) V. Subbiah Pillai, in the course of his indefatigable search for ancient classics worthy of preservation, came across a copy of those valuable translations. We are redeeming them from the oblivion into which they have fallen, and republish them as they are eminently worthy of revival.

The fame and scholarship of this talented translator are well known in the Tamil land and in England. From the very early age of 17, when Dr. Pope had his first lesson in Tamil, Tamil had him in its grip, irretrievably firm. The heart melting lyrics of the ancient classics, the doctrine of the divine grace magnificiently developed in Tamil philosophy and the soul stirring hymns of the Saint Manikkavasakar had stolen his heart away and taken him a captive for all his life.

The contributions of this great scholar to Tamil had been various and immense. Not only they had enhanced the fame of the Tamil literature but form a valuable addition to the famous English literature through which the reputation of the high culture and civilization of the Tamil people, their great literature and philosophy had spread to many countries in the world.

The translations, now resurrected, relate to themes not dealt with in the translations of the Kural or the Naladiyar or the famous Tiruvasakam. We see here an entirely different aspect of the culture and civilization not disclosed by those translations. We are taken to the ancient Tamilians in their actual life outside their home which is called in Tamil Puram or Pura Porul. Here we are face to face with their joys and sorrows, their cares and anxieties, their ambition and contentment, their quarrels and wars. The translations show to the world that the ancient Tamil race was not a whit behind any other ancient race of the world, in their culture and civilization, thoughts and deeds, nobility and heroism. The translations now republished are, thus, of immense value and are worth preservation.

The assiduous Managing Director had been exceptionally fortunate in securing some of the very books which Dr. Pope had used for his research and translation. They are very old editions of the Kural, the Naladiyar and the Tiruvasakam. The texts in them have been printed imperfectly and Dr. Pope had set them right and made them fit for his accurate translations. He had scanned the metrical feet in every line and removed the imperfectness as a grammarian and skillful poet would have done.

Dr. Pope had grasped even from the outset that the Tamil language, its poetry and even the subject matter of literature, are bound by strict grammatical rules and conventions which maintain the perpetual youth-hood of the language. These texts and their translations offer unmistakable evidence that he had mastered not only its grammar, but the rules of prosody and peculiar conventions of literary usage. What amount of care and diligence, energy and time he would have spent, even to rectify these texts before taking them up for translation!

The tenacity and earnestness of purpose which characterises all the undertakings of the Managing Director had secured for him two more books of philosophy which Dr. Pope had used for his research. They are the 'Sivagnanabotham' and the 'Kaivalya Navaneetham' which deal with Siddhanta and Advaida philosophies respectively, and which are the two main systems of philosophy prevalent in the Tamil land. Dr. Pope might have taken up the study of the philosophical systems of the land or in accordance with his thorough method of research, he might have decided to determine by himself, to which of those two systems, the basic tenets of philosophy, interwoven into the Tiruvasakam, belong. Whatever might have been his intention, the texts handled by him reveal a deep and durable method of his study. He had underlined, not a few, but many a passage in the commentaries which are important or noteworthy and had left copious marginal notes indicating even the dates of his research.

The 'Kaivalya Navaneetham' used by him contains English, German and Latin translations. He had adopted the method of comparative study of various translations to decide the correct meaning of the texts by himself.

The indomitable will and patience which Dr. Pope had displayed in mastering the difficult philosophies, foreign to him, are remarkable. How hard he would have grappled with the tough philosophies for a mastery!

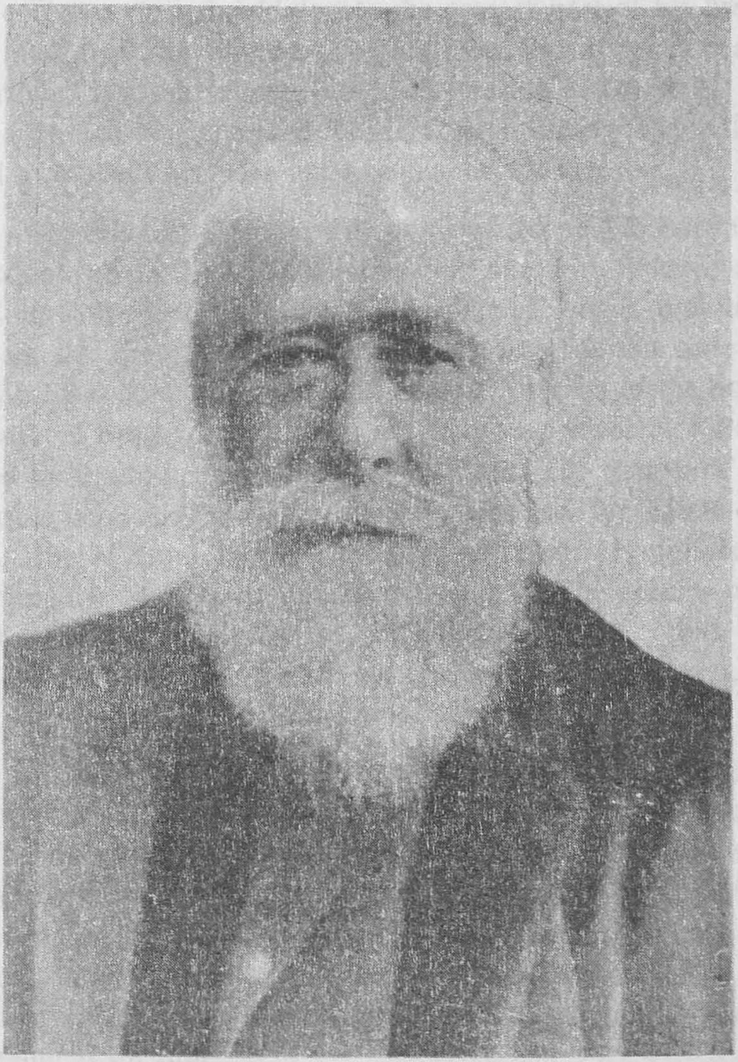
Dr. Pope had realised that philosophical thought had permeated the mediaeval Tamil literature. Unless the systems of philosophy which prevailed in the land are mastered, one could not understand that literature correctly or be faithful to the original in his translations. How much patience, the great scholar would have had, to master them

all. What a perfect and thorough method of work he had adopted!

As these books handled by him, prove valuable Memoirs of his study-life and his modus opperandi, they are treasured in the Maraimalai Adigal Library. They are the living symbols of the pains which a foreign scholar had taken, his hard and patient work, earnestness of purpose, never abating perseverance and steadfast work, all of which he had voluntarily imposed upon himself for the love of Tamil. As they tend to evoke the emulation of our students and scholars who may observe them, they are exhibited at every exhibition which this firm arranges.

One of the articles in the annexures had complained to the effect that volumes are written for worthless men, but only an account extending over scarcely six pages exist for a great scholar of name and fame. The Managing Director had already taken on hand the collection of materials and details, for an authentic history of his life and work. In the meanwhile, the talented librarian of Maraimalai Adigal Library, Thiru R. Muthukumaraswamy, M.A., B.Lib., who had imbibed the ardent and earnest spirit and enthusiasm for work from the Managing Director, had collected three articles which had appeared about the life of Dr. Pope more than 50 years ago. They now form annexures to this preface as precursors of what is to follow

We hope that this publication will prove to be very useful to foreigners and serve to prompt the literary aspirations of our scholars and students.



DR G. U. POPE.

Dr. G. U. Pope*

That a man should devote the greater part of his life to the study of the literature of his own land is really praise worthy. But that a man should devote the whole of his life to a foreign language and its literature is simply marvellous and awe-inspiring. He must be one of the Heroes.

Yet this was the case with some of the earlier European missionaries in India, beginning perhaps with Beschi, and ending with Pope. Of these, Pope spent longer time than others for the cause of Tamil, which was, at the time he arrived in India, in a state of neglect, in spite of the noble efforts of Beschi and the earlier European scholars. Pope tried to kindle in the hearts of the Tamilians a love of the "noble language," as he called it. His zeal for Tamil can be gathered from the following words from his preface to his English translation of Tiruvasagam—"The speech of a dying people may, perhaps, be allowed to die. But this cannot be said of the Tamil race. Heaven forbid !.......Let the Tamilians cease to be ashamed of their vernacular."

Memories of much less important people have appeared in cartloads, but Dr. Pope's long life has not a longer record of it than would cover half a dozen pages. His eldest son, J. V. Pope seems to have promised to write his father's life. Whether he has done so is not known. The Tamilians, for whom Pope did so much. have not done much for his memory, though. we can be sure, his works will be a lasting monument for him.

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*This article was found out from among the collections made by the late Tiruvaranganar, the elder brother of Thiru V. Subbiah Pillai.

George Uglow Pope was the son of a Scottish merchant named John Pope trading with Nova Scotia. He was born on April 24th, 1820.

While still a lad, he attended a missionary meeting in Oldham street where a clergyman who was going out as a missionary spoke about his intention of going to Madras to labour among the Tamils. Somehow this caught the fancy of the youthful listener who determined to offer himself as a missionary to the Tamilians when he would be of age. He started learning Tamil forthwith. His acquaintance with Tamil began when he was seventeen, and, in the preface to his translation of Thiruvasagam, he says, "I date this on my eightieth birthday. I find by reference that my first Tamil lesson was in 1837. This ends, as I suppose, a long life devoted to Tamil studies. It is not without deep emotions that I thus bring to a close my life's literary work." Such was his love for his adopted language.

When he started for India in his ninteenth year as a Weslyan missionary, he was proficient enough in Tamil to be called the 'Pandit' by his ship-mates. When he arrived in Madras, it is said, one of those who came to welcome him was a fisherman, who, on being questioned by Pope in Tamil, eloquently, answered in such beautiful Tamil that Pope could not understand much of it. This acquaintance with pure Tamil, and that from such a humble source, strengthend his determination to learn all about Tamil, and to be able to speak the tongue as fluently as a native. He used to say that to seek for and find a noble language and to dedicate one's life to the study of it is the best life-work a man could wish for. With this in mind, he sought the best Tamil scholars of the day, and gathered an amount of knowledge of Tamil which was of immense use to him in his retirement, when he compiled most of his works.

After working in the Weslyan Mission for two years, he joined the S. P. G. and was sent to Sawyerpuram as a lay missionary in 1841. He was ordained deacon in 1843 and priest in 1844, and superintended the Sawyerpuram 'District' which then comprised the Sawyerpuram, Puthiamputhur and Pudukottai circles.

He was not a passive scholar. His energy and love of work knew no bounds and the results will be seen to this day. In 1843 he started a 'Seminary' at Sawverpuram with a view to train mission agents and clergymen. The Seminary flourished and became a Second-Grade College in 1880—at present a High School. The University of Oxford appreciated its work as early as 1848, and contributed liberally towards the formation of the library within its walls.

Besides being a great Scholar, Dr. Pope was a master disciplinarian and an ideal teacher. In spite of his small stature he was a terror among sluggards, but beloved by his pupils in general. His ideal was to care for the dullest boy and to bring him up to the average. The Rev. J. Schoffter, afterwards Principal of the C. M. College was a student under him, and people still repeat Dr. Pope's motto "Good food, Good teaching, Good caning."

In Sawyerpuram, he devoted a large portion of his leisure to learning Tamil and acquired enough knowledge of it, to begin a series of Tamil grammars in 1850. He could speak Tamil as a Tamilian, and his respect for Tamil manners and customs was equally great, as will be seen from the following anecdote from "செந்தமிழ்ச் செல்வி."

He and the Rev. T. Brotherton of Nazareth were great friends and he used to visit Mr. Brotherton often. Once on his way to Nazareth, feeling thirsty, he halted in Pannaivillai. He went straight to the house or the Mission Schools' Super-

viser Mr. Gnanavuir Pillai, and finding him absent, began to chat with Mrs. Gnanavuir—'Where has விசாரணைப் பிள்ளை gone; are all well at home?' etc. in true Tamil manner and requested her to bring some water in a செம்பு. The lady brought some in a bright செம்பு. He took it and poured water into his throat saying that he would not outrage the scruples of his Vellala hostess by unmannerly sipping it. Then he put the chembu upside down in the approved Tamil manner, repuesting the lady to convey his compliments to the விசாரணைப் பிள்ளை and took leave.

In 1850 he left for England and returned the next year to take charge of the S. P. G. work at Tanjore. There he established the famous St. Peter's College (which is also a High School now). There he came in touch with the great Tamil Pandits of Tanjore, Kumbakonam and other places, and was able to devote more time to Tamil literature. He left Tanjore in 1860, and after serving in Bangalore and Ootacamund as Head of the European Schools there, retired in 1880. In Ooty the European school was established by him, and is said to have had, under his management 'as big a reputation in South India as Bishop Corrie's School at Simla.

After his retirement, he spent his whole time in the study of Tamil, and did much research work in that direction. He was appointed Professor of Tamil in the Balliol College at Oxford There he taught Tamil to young missionaries and I. C. S. candidates who were to work in Tamilnad. He was given the honorary degrees of M. A. and D. D. by Oxford and Lambeth (—the Abp of Canterbury) respectively, in appreciation of his scholarship and work.

*His chief works include three graded Tamil grammars, the last of which is a full treatment of the subject in prose.

*A list of his chief works is given at the end of this Sketch.

He also wrote a Tamil "History of India" for the use of students, and dedicated it to the 'friends and countrymen of my dear Little Rajah'. He translated into English part of 'Abbe Du Bois' 'the People of India'. The translation was completed by Mr. Henry Beauchamp under the direction of the Government of Madras

After his retirement in 1880, he began to compile an exhaustive Dictionary of Tamil which he left unfinished. Its excellence was so great that the Oxford University passed it on to the Madras University. It has taken the Madras Lexicon committee over a dozen years and has cost thousands of rupees and yet the work has been considered quite unsatisfactory.—One man's works needing several men to finish it 'unsatisfactorily' shows what Dr. Pope was. He rendered into English verse many Tamil Poems. His translation of Thirukural has been admired for its close conformity, even in detail, to the original. It is still the standard English Translation of the Sacred Kural, and so are his other translations also. The Naladiar also was rendered into English by him, and the versification has been even more admired than Kural.

He regularly contributed to various Journals essays on the Language and Culture of the Tamils as well as translations of various Tamil poems of which he had a large store in his library. Among such contributions were stanzas from Purananooru. He also wrote in Tamil prose the story of மணிமேகலை, lives of Sekkilar and Thirugnanasambandar &c. Puraporul Venba Malai (புறப்பொருள் வெண்பா மாலை) was translated by him and was published in 'The Tamilian Antiquary.' His translation of Palamoli Nanooru (பழமொழி நானூறு) has not been published.

All his translations contain excellent introductions in which the literary value, time, etc. of the subject have been

fully discussed. Full grammatical notes and indexes also are appended to them. In his introductions he compares the Hindu and Tamil thoughts and Philosophy with those of Christians. This has at times received much criticism from Hindu Scholars.

It seems he did not write much on purely religious topics. The one book of that kind in existance is the 'Scripture Doctrine' (கிறுஸ்துவத் தத்துவத் தீபிகை) in Tamil published in 1848. Being written during the early days of his acquaintance with Tamil, the language used is rather quaint, which failing does not occur in his later works.

Perhaps his last work was his Scholary translation of Thiruvasagam which he published on his eightieth birthday. It has, as usual, a full introduction and exhaustive notes. He writes in his introduction why he took such a difficult work in hand at such an advanced age—

"Some years ago, when this publication was hardly projected, the writer was walking with the late Master of Balliol College (Dr. Jowett) in the Quadrangle. The conversation turned upon Tamil legends, poetry and philosophy. At length, during a pause in canversation, the Master said in a quick way peculiar to him, "you must print it." To it the natural answer was 'Master, I have no patent of immortality, and the work will take very long.' I can see him now, as he turned round—while the moonlight fell upon his white hair and kind face,—and laid his hand upon my shoulder, saying, "To have a great work in progress is the way to live long. You will live till you finish it." I certainly did not think so then, though the words have often come to my mind as a prophesy, encouraging me when weary; and they have been fulfilled while he has passed away.'

When Dr. Pope began his serious study of Tamil, some one told him that poverty was the lot of every Tamil poet and scholar. Though Dr. Pope did not suffer from poverty, neither did he enjoy affluence due to his capacity, and willingly sacrificed his genius for Tamil.

After a 'long and useful' life of 88 years, he died in Feb. 12th, 1908., and one of his last requests was to have his tomb decorated with the words 'a student of Tamil.'

Of his children, the eldest, Mr. John V. Pope became Director of Public Instruction in Burma. His second son, Leiut Col T. H. Pope of I. M. S. was head of the Govt. Opthalmic Hospital at Madras. The third was A. W. U. Pope, who was Traffic Manager in Various Indian Railways. He was a keen volunteer officer as well as a very able Railway man, and was made a C. I. E. He left India to become General Manager of the Imperial Railways of China, a post which he held with distinction during the Great war.

Memorials to Dr. Pope are not numerous; and if we except the Pope Memorial High School at Sawyerpuram and the Pope's Library within its walls, perhaps none exists. But what he did for Tamil will ever live in the hearts of Tamilians; who are indebted to him, more than to anybody else for making others see the greatness of Tamil.

A list of the Chief Works of Dr. POPE

1. கிறிஸ்துவத் தத்துவத் தீபிகை.
2. A first catechism of Tamil Grammar.
   இலக்கண வினாவிடை - முதற் புத்தகம் (1888)
3. A second catechism of Tamil Grammar.
4. A larger Grammar of the Tamil language in both its dialects Ed. 2. (1859)
5. A Tamil Poetical Anthology with Grammatical notes and vocabulary Ed 2 (1859)

6. A Handbook of the ordinary dialect of the Tamil language. Ed 1. (1855)
7. Do. Part II. key to the Exercises with notes on Analysis.
8. Do. Part III. compendious Tamil - English Dictionary.
9. Do. Part IV. An English-Tamil Dictionary.
10. Do. Part V. A Tamil Prose Reader adapted to the Handbook.
11. A History of India. இந்து தேச சரித்திரம்.
12. The 'Sacred Kural' of Tiruvalluva Nayanar with introduction, Grammar, Translation and Notes, Lexicon and concordance (1886)
13. The Naladiyar or Four Hundred Quartrains in Tamil with introduction, Translation and Notes, Critical, Philosophical and Explanatory, to which is added a concordance and Lexicon with authorities from the oldest Tamil writers (1893)
14. The Tiruvasagam or "Sacred Utterances" of the Tamil Poet, Saint and Sage Manikka Vasagar. Text notes translation etc, complete (1900)
15. இங்கிலாண்டு தேச சரித்திரம். History of England (1858.)
16. First Lessons ih Tamil or An Introduction to the common Dialect of that language. Ed 5. (1891).

Rev. Dr. G. U. Pope*

We are reminded by the announcement of a meeting to be held this afternoon in the Cubbon Hall of the rapidly

*(From the Daily Post of Bangalore, Dated the 28th Jan. 1882)

approaching departure from Bangalore of the Rev. Dr. Pope, a gentleman who, as educationist, scholar, and priest, has long occupied a position of the highest eminence in our midst, and whose reputation as an Orientalist, earned by his native land. Dr. Pope has well nigh completed the fortvthird year of his residence in India, a period which has witnessed the marvellous development of British influence in the country whose history he has told so well.

When Mr. G. U. Pope a lad of nineteen years arrived at Madras, it was as a Missionary connected with the Wesleyan Methodist Society; and, after having officiated for a short time as pastor of the English congregation worshipping in the chapel in Popham's Broadway, he was transferred to Cuddalore, and engaged in distinctively missionary work. In 1841, religious conviction led him to join the Church of England, with a view to seeking holy orders; and he was sent to Sawyerpuram as a catechist, and ordained by Bishop Spencer in 1843. Here he became the founder of the Sawyerpuram Missionary College, an institution in which nearly two hundred young Nadars were trained to be schoolmasters, catechists, and pastors. After continuous labour at this post till 1849, he went to England on furlough, and travelled all over the country advocating the cause of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. He returned to India in March 1851 and was stationed in Tanjore, where, his health giving way, in 1857, he resigned his connection with the S.P.G., and found, in the "learned leisure" of school-master's life, what we venture to describe, as his most appropriate sphere.

On withdrawing from the mission, he established a Grammar School at Ootacamund, attracted by the delightful climate of that sanitorium and induced to believe that it afforded a promising site for an institution which offered

to the sons of gentlemen, the advantages of a pre-university education. In this hope he was not disappointed; and the people of Ooty still cherish towards him a warm and friendly interest, and remember him with the gratitude due to one who thoroughly identified himself with the place as a public teacher and an earnest pastor. In addition to his scholastic duties, he held the offices of Sunday morning lecturer at St. Stephen's Church, and Chaplain to the European prison. He established in Ootacamund the "Ootacamund Grammar School and College" which was one of the first public Schools in the Kingdom. In it, were educated, many of the sons of the highest officials in India, who in the present day are holding positions of trust and confidence in the highest ranks of the service of Government. This School was closed in Christmas 1870.

It was in January 1871, that Dr. Pope came to Bangalore as Principal of the Bishop Cotton School. This institution, when he took charge of it, was merely the germ of what it has become under his fostering care. Mr. Reynolds, its first master, and the Rev. Mr. Dubois, who came from the Diocesan School in Bombay and presided over it for about a year prior to his appointment as Head-master of Bishop Corrie's Grammar School in Madras, were gentelmen possessing some recommendations, but scarcely qualified to advance the status of a school in which Dr. Pope discerned the potential elements of a successful seminary of the higher education. It was not long ere he saw his way to develop the Grammar School into a College; and the Principal became the Warden. Within a few months of his arrival—in August of the same year—he found an outlet for his energy and ability as preacher and pastor, in the charge of All Saints' Church, where he has ministered gratuitously ever since. In 1873, the Bishop invited him to undertake the additional duty

of Chaplain of the Fort Church; and these varied offices he has continued to conduct to the satisfaction of all who have attended on his ministrations or received their education at his hands.

It is only possible, within the limits of a newspaper article, to indicate by the titles of his principal works the current of Dr. Pope's literary activity. For the sake of convenience, we shall arrange these under three heads—linguistic, historical, and theological. It is as one of the most learned of Dravidian Scholars that Dr. Pope is most widely known beyond the sphere of his educational and clerical vocations. His "Tamil Grammar," used in every Vernacular school, was subsequently expanded into "A Second Tamil Grammar", and this again into "A Third" including the "Nannul". Most young civilians in Madras are familiarly acquainted with the "Handbook of Tamil", with key, now in its fourth edition. Some knowledge of Dr. Pope's command of the dialects of Southern India may be derived from his translation of the "Sermon on the Mount", into four Dravidian languages; and a singular example of linquistic ingenuity and research is afforded by his "Toda Grammar—the only one ever published—which formed an appendix to Colonel Marshall's "Historv of the Todas", and threw a flood of unsuspected light on the dialect of this strange tribe. Under the same division may be placed his articles on "Kural" in the *Indian Antiquary*. Nor must we omit to mention the sound and accurate learning displayed in his series of editions of the Latin text-books prescribed by the Madras University, which have made the study of the language of European scholarship a source of pleasure and delight to many an awakening mind.

Dr. Pope's historical works include his "History of India" for the use of schools and colleges, which has

passed through two editions, and has earned wide spread popularity, and the warm encomiums of the Press. It is to his laborious enterprise and indefatigable energy that the reading public of the present day owe their knowledge of the work of the Abbe *Dubois*, the Mysore missionary, on the characters, manners, and customs of the people of India. The manuscript is in French, in two massive volumes, written by the Abbe himself, and was purchased by the East India Company in 1806 for two thousand pagodas, and translated and published in English ten years later. Dr. Pope's edition appeared in Madras, in 1862, and contains a photograph of the Abbe taken from an oil painting in the Madras Literary Society. The work relates chiefly to Southern India, but has been described as "the most comprehensive and minute account extant in any European language of the manners of the Hindoos." Under the head of Dr. Pope's purely religious publications must be placed his volume of sermons. "Many and Great Dangers", and various pamphlets, addresses, and sermons.

Dr. Pope has been intimately connected during the whole of his career, with the Madras University, of which he was appointed a Fellow in 1859; and the record of his labours as a working member of that body is too voluminious for insertion here. In 1864, he received from the Archbishop of Canterbury the degree of Doctor of Divinity, as a recognition of his learning, and chiefly to his contributions to Tamil scholarship. He was elected a member of the Leipzic Oriental Society in 1870, the same year in which that honour was conferred on Dr. Lightfoot, now Bishop of Durham; and two years later he became a member of the Royal Asiatic Society. We cannot doubt that that still higher attestation of his merits is yet to come and that his declining years will be brightened by further intellectual triumphs.

It is an educationist that to-day's meeting proposes to honour him; and it is perhaps in that capacity that he will be longest and most lovingly remembered in Bangalore. During his career in Ootacamund he trained for professional work many youths who are now holding good positions in this country, and ever at home, as officers in the army, barristers, medical men, engineers, and in other honourable post, and we hope for equally tangible results from his labours here. But it is not by such tangible results that the work of a true teacher can be adequately tested. It is the formation of character, the inspiration with noble desires, the thousandfold influence of the daily intercourse of a master with pupils which constitute the only satisfactory proof of true educational work; and it is in the grateful memories of those who owe to him moral motives and a literal culture that Dr. Pope has built for himself a "monument more durable than brass". As a churchman he has been a staunch upholder of big Church theories, while ever ready to concede the amplest liberty to those whose views differ from his own. His pulpit addresses and his speeches, on religious subjects at clerical conferences and elsewhere have been distinguished by a forcible and fluent style tempered by logical discrimination and a correct taste. The preacher, like the poet, is born, not made; and the Popes are a family of preachers. Apart from his ecclesiastical associations, he will be long remembered of his active co-operation in every public undertaking of a laudable character; and, though our own relations with him are of brief duration and of a comparatively distant kind, we cannot but regret the departure of one who never grudged advice and aid to any good work.

The Late Rev. G. U. Pope, M.A.,D.D.,*

"STUDENT OF TAMIL"

It is with the deepest sorrow, we record the passing away of this great Tamil Scholar, Missionary and Saint on the 12th February of this year. Though we have never set our eyes upon him, his name was familiar to us to most Tamil students from our youth, as Poppayyar, but since the publication of Sivagnanabotham, we have been in close correspondence, and we feel his loss most, as that of a personal friend. But the loss to the Tamil land and literature is immense. He loved the Tamil people and their literature. He was the greatest living scholar, among the living or the dead and in spite of the vast amount of work actually accomplished he was still projecticg and engaged in other work till the last days of his life. "Palamoli I have copies, translated and finished lexicon: but I cannot get the old commentary. My Tanjore Mss differs widely from Subbaroyachetti's." So he wrote to us. He was engaged in revising the Kural and he wrote to say that he could double its value to Tamil students. He had undertaken also the bringing out of a big Dictionary.

His MAGNUM OPUS was of course his translation of Tiruvachagam. When we were in Chidambaram during the last Arudra week, we attended various assemblies where these sacred Hymns were chanted, and Dr. Pope's name was mentioned and remembered with love and reverence and so we wrote to him also in our very last letter. And his name is certain to go down to posterity connected with the sacred work. He was engaged in this work from before 1897, and on 20th October, 1900 he wrote "I am now

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comparatively free; for my great work is entirely out of my hands, and commands a good degree of approbations; but will have no sale to speak of in Europe. Copies will be sent to all the Universities, great institutions and a certain number of distinguished literary men. This will answer my purpose, which is to show conclusively that men must understand systems before they attack them, and that missionaries especially have much to learn in regard to South Indian religion; and my book will enable all Europeans who desire it to acquire this knowledge........"

"Of course I have my own convictions as you and my other valued Tamil friends have theirs; but in what I have written I have confined myself to such literary criticism as yourself may, in the main, agree with. Had I taken a different line, I might have secured much more support here from a certain section of the community." He was anxious about the pecuniary aspect of this publication, and he wrote, "I shall not derive any pecuniary profit whatsoever from the book, though Scholars like Max Muller have been abundantly enriched as a reward for their Sanscrit studies. Tamil should not bring misfortune to those who study it. And we are sorry, to say that in spite of what we ourselves, and the publishers of this magazine did in this matter, his edition was not all sold and he must have been put to considerable loss, and our belief that our Tamil people have not been sufficiently grateful to him we give below the following extracts from his letter.

"I am exceedingly delighted with the admirable likeness of yourself which is in my study and my friends are always duly introduced to it."

"It strikes me that my 'Kural' and Naladiyar might with profit be reproduced in India in a much cheaper form. Give me your view on this subject. I will hope to send you

a list of my publications, and a sketch of my life, as you ask, soon. *Whenever I die* "A student of Tamil" will be inscribed on my monument."

"I cannot close this letter without saying how much I am indebted to you for kindly sympathy, and for real assistance in your published writings which you will see I have more than once referred to in my book. I always read with interest and profit the 'Light of Truth' Deepika."

"I am carefully examining your Translations in the 'Light of Truth'.

Next April 24th will be his 80th birth day, and he dated his Tiruvachagam on his 38th birthday, and we cannot do better than quote his almost pathetic words with which he records his life's work.

"I dated this on my eightieth birthday 24th April 1900. I find, by reference that my first Tamil lesson was in 1837. This ends, I suppose, a long life or devotion to Tamil studies. It is not without deep emotion that I thus bring to close my life's literary work.

[1]"Some years ago.........................out of sight." Not only did he live to finish this great work, but he has lived usefully for several years beyond it. He was honoured by the English University and Societies for his Tamil learning, while our own University ignored him. The last great honour that was done to him was when in the last year, the Indian Secretary The Rt. Hon'ble John Morley presented him with a gold medal and eulogised him in fitting terms.

The readers of this magazine will be familar with many of his miscellaneous writings: "The Poets of the Tamil land." 'Translations from the 'Puraporul Venbamalai" the *Purananuru*' and Stories from the Peria-Puranam.'

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1. This has appeard in Page xii.

The Secret of his success lay, as some of his old Sawerpuram Students have told me, is his indominable will and earnestness of purpose and thoroughness in carrying out whatever he undertook, whether as a teacher, preacher or writer. He was saintly in his character and life and as one old Pandit put, if he was born in the old days, he would have been catalogued with the 63 Saints. His services to the Saivite Religion and Siddhanta Philosophy are incalculable as he was the first to bring its importance to the light of the English-speaking world. May his soul rest in Sivam!

Contents

Publisher's Note	vii
Life Sketch of Dr. G.U.Pope	xiii
Pura-Porul Venba-Malai	1
Purananuru	67
புறப்பொருள் வெண்பாமாலை	
கொளு அகரவரிசை	137
பாட்டு முதற்குறிப்பு அகரவரிசை	138
புறநானூறு பாட்டு முதற்குறிப்பு அகரவரிசை	139

Pura-Porul Venba-Malai

[புறப்பொருள் வெண்பாமாலை]

The *Pura-porul Venba-Malai* is a very ancient work, professing to be founded upon a still older composition called "The Twelve Chapters," by one of the twelve disciples of *Agastiyar*. * This points to a mythic origin, but we cannot historically go further than its Tamil author, or compiler, as he would represent himself. It is quite essential for a Tamil writer who would become a classic to cite his original, or the authoritative first work from which he draws (or professes to draw) his materials. (See *Nannul*, 4-10, and Pope's *3rd Grammar*, p. 142.) Where there is no such first work (*முதனூல்*, Mutanul,), he or his commentators must suppose or invent one, and ascribe it to some venerable personage. The real author here is AIYANARITHAN, of whom nothing is known but that he is said to have been a descendant of the old C'era kings, and the compiler of this very interesting composition. It can hardly be less than ten centuries old † It has recently been for the first time printed under the editorship of Ve. Swaminathaiyar of Uttamatana-puram, the very learned and worthy Tamil Head-Pandit of the Kumbakonam College; and has probably never been seen by any European till now, though the late Sir Walter Elliot (*darum et venerabile nomen*) obtained

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*In the commentary on the *Tol-Kappiyam* by Nacchinarkkiniyar, Porul-athi ; ix, 94 (C. V. Tamotharam Pillai's edition, p. 807, Madras 1885, reference is made to this statement.

† The date of Purapporul Venba-Malai has not yet been definitely fixed.

and caused to be translated some fragments of it. These were edited for private circulation by R. Sewell Esq., M.C.S. Some were also printed in the Asiatic Quarterly.

Malai means ‘garland’ *Venba* (see Pope's *Kural*, Int. xxv and *Naladi* Int. xxvi) is the name of the metre—very artistic quatrains like those in the *Naladiyar*.

Porul is a subdivision both of grammar and of treatises in general, and signifies ‘substance, reality, subject.’ This *Porul* is divided in the most ancient grammar, the *Tolkappiyam*, into Agam (‘inner') and Puram (‘outer’). Of these, *Agam* (‘the *subjective*,’ treats of love, its various emotions, incidents and accidents. *Puram* (‘the *objective*’) relates to all ‘other things’—life in general, and especially war, and the affairs of kingdoms. This work, though professing to treat of practical subjects in general (*Puram*), has portions, as will be seen, which belong to the other division (*Agam*)—emotional and passionate. The ideas and even the phraseology of these verses are cited and used by all commentators upon the other classics, as being of absolute authority.

It is divided into twelve chapters (Padalam or as they are generally termed, *Tinai* (திணை)*, containing 360 quatrains.

It seems, probably, that the work itself closely follows the Kural, as suggested by many of its couplets. It is closely allied in subject and in tone to the *Purananuru*.

*Tinai. This much used Tamil word-of-all-work really signifies ‘genus,’ and is applied to the main divisions of any subject. These are divided into sections (*turai*=துறை) This latter is equal to ‘species’ and is used for the subdivisions of a subject. Here, each chapter is preceded by a small summary; and every quatrain has a curious little couplet giving the pith of the quatrain. This couplet is called *Kolu* (=substance, contents: from கொள்).

(P. N. N.), with which and the Tol-kappiyam it must be studied, though it is more recent than the *text* of these works.

It will be necessary to give some account of the Pura-Nanuru, or "Four Hundred Lyrics of Life.' This anthology has been lately printed for the first time, though it has been in existence for upwards of a thousand years, and contains ballads which in substance must have been sung in the early centuries of our era. We owe it also to Swaminathaiyar, the learned Professor of Tamil that it is now carefully edited and put forth with all necessary apparatus in such a way that it may find an entrance into the house of every Tamil scholar. This is the fifth large work issued by the same editor. The industry and learning which have been employed in the editing of these books would have gained for Swaminathaiyar a very high place among scholars in Europe, if the subject had been one which the scholars of the West were disposed to value. But, although the very ancient, copious, and refined Tamil language is inferior to none, it is regarded by most people as the (probably barbarous) vernacular of a people living somewhere in a remote district of Great Britain's imperial possessions. Neither does our Indian Government nor do our Universities fully recognise the value of Tamil literature; and so those who spend their lives in the study of the great South Indian classics must resemble men seeking for pearls under water. Our editor's compatriots, however, will not be slow to recognize the benefit that his studies are conferring upon his people. Nor is it too much to hope that his labours may be so far recognized as to procure for him such pecuniary assistance as may save him from absolute loss. Tamil scholarship is a direct road to poverty!

To return from this digression, this work consists of 400 Lyrics, varying in length from six lines to fifty, being for the most part songs sung by Court minstrels and

wandering bards in honour of the kings of the South, including not only the Pandiyan, the C'olan, and the C'eran kings, but about 120 of the petty Rajas and chieftains who then divided the South, and were more or less independent, having their fortresses on every hill and coign of vantage throughout the Southern land. Of these ancient rulers and heroes scarcely anything is known but what these, and a few similar works, enable us to conjecture. Their names have not yet been found or recognized in inscriptions or coins, and it is very doubtful whether we shall ever be able to recover many authentic details of their history. Still, the glimpses of ancient manners, thought, and conditions of life afforded by these poems are exceedingly interesting. The ancient bards about 150 in number, fragments of whose songs have thus been rescued, were of very unequal powers; but some of them display, if I am not mistaken, very great poetical genius, and some of the fragments are veritable gems.

It is worthy of note, also, that of these poems, except the introductory invocation (which is of much later date, by Perun Tevanar,* the translator of the Maha-Baratam), none make any decided allusion to Siva worship. Demons are constantly referred to and various charms and ceremonies for driving them away from the battle-field, where it was their delight to hold their 'eery' festivals, are mentioned. Throughout all the petty kingdoms of the Tamil lands, there seems to have been a system of demon-worship much like what now prevails in the extreme south.

Feasts and dances in honour of Murugan (from T. '*murugu*,' a fragrant wood · *Agullochum*) are often alluded to. He was evidently the tutelary god of the aborigines of

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[*He seems to have edited a series of works for the Madura literati.]

the South, and is now promoted to be the younger son of Siva.

I shall reserve a more minute account of these poems, their heroes and their bards, for another occasion, and return at once to the *Pura-Porul Venba-Malai.*

முதலாவது வெட்சிப்படலம்

PADALAM I VETCHI

THE CATTLE-RAIDERS

The first *tinai* is called *Vetchi*, and the following seven divisions have titles of a similar import. They are taken from the garlands worn by warriors in the contests in which the people of South India in those times seem to have been incessantly engaged. The Tamil rhetoricians enumerate eight species of distinctive garlands worn by kings and warriors when going forth on various expeditions, the garland being supposed to indicate the character of the undertakings, and the feelings of those engaged in them.

This is to us a novel form of the 'language of flowers.

The *Vetchi* (வெட்சி) is the *Ixora coccinia*, which is commonly called 'Flame of the Forest,' or sometimes 'the country geranium.' It bears a profusion of flowers, sometimes of quite dazzling brightness, and of a deep scarlet hue. These garlands were intended to strike terror into the eyes of the opposing hosts, and to some extent supplied the place of military uniform. The armies of Europe have never been unmindful of the moral effect of the soldier's head-dress; though it would be a novel experience if our troops went forth to war like a marching garden of flaming and fragrant flowers! The warriors who wore the *vetchi* were cattle-raiders. It would seem that this constituted no small part of the duty

—and duty was delight—of the ancient South Indian soldier.

This *Padalam*, or chapter, contains twenty-one verses, and illustrates with exceeding clearness several phases of the thoughts and habits of the people in those 'good old times'! A translation is given of the more important verses, and a summary of the remainder.

வெட்சி

1. *The King's Call to the Cattle-raid*

மண்டு மெரியுண் மரந்தடிந் திட்டற்றாக்
கொண்ட கொடுஞ்சிலையன் கோல்தெரியக் –கண்டே
அடையார் முனையலற ஐயிலைவேற் காளை
விடையாயங் கொள்கென்றான் வேந்து.

VERSE 1

"Youthful warrior, who bearest the wondrous three-pronged dart, go forth, seize and bring home the herds of cattle with the bulls their leaders! See your foes bending their bows, as though they would cut down whole forests and set them on fire, and inspecting their arrows as they fit them to the string. Put thief ranks to flight!"

2. *The Toddy-booth*

This introduces the idea, which is always coming to the front in these poems, of the 'toddy-jar'. [15.] The raid begins and ends with the *canteen.*

அறாஅ நிலைச்சாடி ஆடுறு தேறல்
மறாஅன் மழைத்தடங் கண்ணி—பொறாஅன்
கடுங்கண் மறவன் கழல்புனைந்தான் காலை
நெடுங்கடைய நேரார் நிரை.

VERSE 2

"Forget not, O thou with the loving large eyes, the clear sweet boiled palm-juice in the standing jar of toddy, never

empty. The warrior on whose feet are the heroes' anklets, who is fierce of eye, endures not debt. To-morrow's morn shall see the foeman's herds thronging thy wide-extended gates."

It would seem that these champions cleared off their scores with the nymph of the palm-wine jar by means of the plunder they brought home. [16.]

All classes except Brahmans, even the ladies, are represented as indulging freely in the use of toddy. The same thing is illustrated in the Kambar-Ramayanam, where the whole Court—kings, queens, princes, counsellors, and warriors—are represented as indulging in a most unedifying debauch of many days' duration. [Bala-Khandam xviii: 'The Canto of the Festivities.']

வெட்சி யரவம்

3. *Eager for the Fray*

நெடிபடு கானத்து நீள்வேன் மறவர்
அடிபடுத் தாரதர் செல்வான்—துடிபடுத்து
வெட்சி மலைய விரவார் மணிநிரைக்
கட்சியுட் காரி கலுழும்.

VERSE 3

"The raven's hoarse cry arises in the jungles of our foes who own the beauteous herd—omen of ill to them; while beating their drums our warriors armed with long spears put on the *vetchi* flower and go forth upon the well-nigh impervious paths, where the raven croaks."*

விரிச்சி

4. *Omens*

This speaks of *omens* which are continually referred to here.

எழுவணி சீறூர் இருள்மாலை முன்றிற்
குழுவினம் கைகூப்பி நிற்பத்—தொழுவிற்

*cf P.N.N., 280.

குடக்கணீ கொண்டுவா என்றுள் குனிவில்
தடக்கையாய் வென்றி தரும்.

Verse 4

" In the little town encircled with barriers, at eventide, while our people stand around with clasped hands, she [the wise woman of the village] speaks, and would say, ' Bring forth toddy from the jar in the stand ' ; but really says, 'Bring the large-eyed cow from the shed.' Therefore, O thou who bear'st the bent bow in thy mighty hand the victory is ours." *

செலவு

5. *They go forth*

வில்லேர் உழவர் வேற்றுப் புலமுன்னிக்
கல்லேர் கானங் கடந்துசென் றன்று.

கூற்றினத் தன்னார் கொடுவி லிடனேந்திப்
பாற்றினம் பின்படர முன்படர்ந் - தேற்றினம்
நின்ற நிலைகருதி யேகினார் நீள்கழைய
குன்றங் கொடுவில் லவர்.

The raiders armed with bows, and so styled in Tamil, ' Ploughmen of the Bow ' (cf. *Kural*, 872), go forth through the stony wilderness to the hill fortress of those whose cattle they are bent on carrying off.

Verse 5

"Like death's satellites, bearing the curved bow in their left hands,
followed by flocks of vultures they go forward !
Their minds fixed on the station where the herds of cattle are found,
they make for the hill whereon the long *bambus* wave."

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* Here தொழு = ' stand ', or ' cowshed'; குடக்கண் = ' toddy from the jar," or " large-eyed "; and for ஈ they heard ஆ = 'cow'; so she seemed to say, 'Bring the large-eyed cow from the fold.' The sybil seemed involuntarily, by the mistake of a letter (*a* for *i*), to urge them to the raid.

வேய்

6. *The Scouts*

பற்றார் தம்முனைப் படுமணி யாயத்
தொற்று ராய்ந்த வகையுரைத் தன்று.

நிலையும் நிரையும் நிரைப்புறத்து நின்ற
சிலையும் செருமுனையுள் வைகி—இலைபுனைந்த
கள்ளவிழ் கண்ணிக் கழல்வெய்யோய் சென்றறிந்து
நள்ளிருட்கண் வந்தார் நமர்.

The raiders send forward trusty spies to ascertain the precise position of the bell-bearing herds, and the number of the warriors to whom these belong.

VERSE 6

"Our friends have gone forth in the deep darkness to ascertain,
the place of the herds, and their number, and the hosts
of the bowmen who defend them, O eagle-eyed warrior king,
with honey-dripping wreath, and hero's jewelled anklet deckt!"

The raiders lie hidden in the dense jungle at the foot of the hill, while the scouts make their way through the darkness up the gorge, to spy out the dwelling-places of those against whom the fray is made.

புறத்திறை

7. *The Fort Surrounded*

நேரக்கரும் குறும்பி னுழையும் வாயிலும்
போக்கற வளைஇப் புறத்திறுத் தன்று.

உய்ந்தொழிவார் ஈங்கில்லை ஊழிக்கண் தீயேபோல்
முந்தமருள் ஏற்றார் முரண்முருங்கத்—தந்தமரின்
ஒற்றினான் ஆய்ந்தாய்ந் துரவோர் குறும்பினைச்
சுற்றினார் போகாமற் சூழ்ந்து.

The raiders surround their enemies, fortified dwelling on the crest of the hill, and set guards to prevent egress on

every side; and this is done in the silence of the night unknown to the unsuspecting objects of the attack.

VERSE 7

"None from hence shall 'scape! Like fires of the day of doom.
the enemy came forth at dawn. Their power is spent.
The stealthy marauders have surrounded every part:
none of the beleaguered ones shall issue forth."

After a short but fiery contest, the attacked have retired within their stronghold, which is straitly besieged.

ஊர் கொலை

8. The Storming of the Hill-Fort

விரைபரி கடவி வில்லுடை மறவர்
குரையழல் நடப்பக் குறும்பெறிந் தன்று.

இகலே துணையா எரிதவழச் சீறிப்
புகலே அரிதென்றூர் புக்குப்—பகலே
தொலைவிலார் வீழத் தொடுகழல் ஆர்ப்பக்
கொலைவிலார் கொண்டார் குறும்பு.

The raiders, urging on their swift-footed horses and bearing aloft their bent bows, storm the fort, which is soon enveloped in flames.

VERSE 8

"Hate lends them help; while fierce fire rages they shout;
they rush on regarding no obstacle! In the broad daylight
those fall that living never knew defeat! With jewelled anklets' sound
and deadly bows the raiders storm the mountain fort."

ஆகோள்

9. The Seizure of the Cattle.

வென்றூர்த்து விறன்மறவர்
கன்றோடும் ஆதழீஇயன்று.

கொடுவரி கூடிக் குழூஉக்கொண் டனைத்தால்
நெடுவரை நீள்வேய் நரலும்—நடுவூர்க்
கணநிரை கைக்கொண்டு கையகலார் நின்ற
நிணநிரை வேலார் நிலை.

Having overcome and taken the stronghold, the victorious heroes seize the whole herd—bulls and cows and calves.

VERSE 9

"Like a congregation of spotted tigers, in the town
in midmost of the *bambu*-encircled upland plain
they take possession of the assembled herds, and round about
stand steadfast to repel all who would set them free."

பூசன்மாற்று

10. The Fight around the Herds

Now muster on all sides the clansmen of the attacked, people wearing wreaths of *Karanthai* (கரந்தை, a species of *Basil*, bearing a dark purple flower). This wreath is worn by the bands that come forth to rescue the stolen cattle and repel the raiders. The whole subject is more fully treated in the second *Padalam*.

சூழ்ந்த நிரைபெயரச் சுற்றித் தலைக்கொண்டார்
வீழ்ந்தனர் வீழ்ந்தார் விடக்குணியத்—தாழ்ந்த
குலவுக் கொடுஞ்சிலைக்கைக் கூற்றனையா ரெய்த
புலவுக் கணைவழிபோய்ப் புள்.

VERSE 10

"Those, who came to retake the herds from the raiding host, have fallen;
the vultures have swooped down upon the corpses of the slain;
their dark clouds are like those of the arrows reeking with blood,
that the foeman, fearful as those of the cruel bowman death, have sent forth."

சுரத்துய்த்தல்

11. The Cattle driven off over the Wolds

அருஞ்சுரத்தும் அகன்கானத்தும்
வருந்தாமல் நிரையுய்த்தன்று.

புன்மேய்ந் தசைஇப் புணர்ந்துடன் செல்கென்னும்
வின்மேல் அசைஇயகை வெல்கழலான்—தன்மேற்
கடுவரை நீரிற் கடுத்துவரக் கண்டும்
நெடுவரை நீழல் நிரை.

The raiders, to elude pursuit, drive off the herd quietly through wild unfrequented paths.

VERSE 11

"'Let the cattle graze, and rest awhile in quiet companionship';
thus spake the bow-bearing, jewel-ankleted hero, though he saw
the rescuing host rushing after, like water from a lofty hill;
and so they paused under the shadow of the mighty crags."

தலைத்தோற்றம்

12. The Raiders Return

உரவெய்யோன் இனந்தழீஇ
வரவுணர்ந்து கிளைமகிழ்ந்தன்று.

மொய்யணல் ஆனிரை முன்செல்லப் பின்செல்லும்
மையணற் காளை மகிழ்துடி—கையணல்
வைத்த எயிற்றியர் வாட்கண் இடனுட
உய்த்தன் றுவகை ஒருங்கு.

The relatives of the raiders rejoice at the return of their hero with the spoils.

VERSE 12

"First come the cows with their hanging dewlaps;
then come the bulls with their black masses of hair.
The warlike drums sound out, and the wood-land maids
who feared for their loved ones hail the signs that show them safe."

தந்துநிறை

13 The Spoil brought home

ஆர்வலந்த துடிவிம்ம
ஊர்புகல நிரையுய்த்தன்று.

தண்டா விருப்பினள் தன்னை தலைமலைந்த
வண்டார் கமழ்கண்ணி வாழ்கென்று—கண்டாள்
அணிநிரை வாண்முறுவல் அம்மா எயிற்றி
மணிநிரை மல்கிய மன்று.

While the drums sound out, and the whole town is in a state of eager expectation, the raided herds enter the village enclosure.

VERSE 13

"The hero's spouse, with shining rows of teeth and rare beauty,
sees her hero crowned with wreaths midst which the beetles hum!
Her heart swells with gladness as she beholds the herds
with tinkling bells filling the open spaces of the village."

This is sung of in P.N.N., 262 :—

நறவுந் தொடுமின் விடையும் வீழ்மின்
பாசுவ லிட்ட புன்காற் பந்தர்ப்
புனறரு மிளமணல் னிறையப் பெய்ம்மின்
ஒன்னார் முன்னிலை முருக்கிப் பின்னின்று
நிரையொடு வரூஉ மென்னைக்
குழையோர் தன்னினும் பெருஞ்சா யலரே. [புறம். 262]

"Bring out the buried *toddy*; slay the rams;
In *pandal* thatched with green leaves, with slender (*bamboo*) posts,
Lavishly strew fine sand from river-bed!
My lord, who first led the charge against the foeman's van,
Comes home in rear guarding the captured herds;
His faithful comrades march, more wearied than himself."

This is a song of Madura. Did even the Pandia kings indulge in these sports? See also P.N.N., 297

கரு. பாதீடு

14. Division of the Spoils

கவர்கணைச் சுற்றங் கவர்ந்த கணநிரை
அவரவர் வினைவயின் அறிந்தீந் தன்று.

ஒள்வாள் மலைந்தார்க்கும் ஒற்றுய்ந் துரைத்தார்க்கும்
புள்வாய்ப்பச் சொன்ன புலவர்க்கும்—விள்வாரை
மாறட்ட வென்றி மறவர்தஞ் சீறூரிற்
கூறிட்டார் கொண்ட நிரை.

The raided herds of cattle are distributed among the successful soldiers according to each one's deserts.

VERSE 14

"To those who overcame with their glittering swords,—
to those who sought out as spies, and brought back the tale,—
to the skilful ones that interpreted the favourir g omens,--
they divide the herds of cattle in the little town."

கசு. உண்டாட்டு

15. The Feast

தொட்டிமிழுங் கழன்மறவர்
மட்டுண்டு மகிழ்தூங்கின்று.

இளிகொண்ட தீஞ்சொல் இளமா எயிற்றி
களிகொண்ட நோக்கங் கவற்றத்—தெளிகொண்ட
வெங்கண் மலி॥ விளிவதுகொல் வேற்றுர்மேற்
செங்கண் மறவர் சினம்.

The warriors with jewelled anklets, that tinkle as they walk, drink 'toddy,' and dance rejoicing.

VERSE 15

"The aspect of the maidens, sweet of speech and fair as *Lakshmi*,
fills with pleasing pains the warrior's soul!
The gladness o' the intoxicating draught departs, as does the anger against his foes from out his soul.
Loves is lord of all "

௧௬ கொடை

16. Gifts

ஈண்டியநிரை ஒழிவின்றி
வேண்டியோர்க்கு விரும்பிவீசின்று.

அங்கட் கிணையன் துடியன் விறலிபாண்
வெங்கட்கு வீசும் விலையாகும்—செங்கட்
செருச்சிலையா மன்னர் செருமுனையிற் சீறி
வரிச்சிலையால் தந்த வளம்.

The spoils acquired in the raid are lavishly bestowed on all that ask.

VERSE 16

"The wealth brought back from the battlefield by the warriors
that flinched not in the strife, but bent their bows,
has become the price paid for the fiery drink
by musicians, drummers, singers and singing women."

புலனறிசிறப்பு

17. Extra Rewards

வெம்முனை நிலை யுணர்த்தியோர்க்குத்
தம்மினுமிகச் சிறப்பீந்தன்று.

இறுமுறை எண்ணா திரவும் பகலும்
செறுமுனையுட் சென்றறிந்து வந்தார்—பெறுமுறையின்
அட்டுக் கனலும் அயில்வேலோய் ஒன்றிரண்டு
இட்டுக் கொடுத்தல் இயல்பு.

To those who as scouts explored beforehand the scene of the fierce strife they give more honour than they take unto themselves.

VERSE 17

"To those who feared not death, but night and day
explored the battlefield, spied out, and brought us news,
some gifts beyond those given to others surely is due,
O warrior wielding the keen dart, that slays the fiery foe!"

பின்னேவழக்கு

18. *The Favourable Prognosticators*

பொய்யாது புள்மொழிந்தார்க்கு
வையாது வழக்குரைத்தன்று.

புல்லார் நிரைகருதி யாஞ்செலப் புள்நலம்
பல்லார் அறியப் பகர்ந்தார்க்குச்—சொல்லாற்
கடஞ்சுட்ட வேண்டா கடுஞ்சுரையா னன்கு
குடஞ்சுட் டினத்தாற் கொடு.

Some reward is given to those who faithfully expounded the lucky signs.

VERSE 18

"When we went forth with minds intent upon our foemen's, herds,
these made plain the favouring signs, and sounds that gave us heart
think not of what is strictly due as their share; to each give
four cows, with udders large, distended with milk!"

துடிநிலை

19. *The Drummer*

தொடுகழன் மறவர் தொல்குடி மரபிற்
படுகண் இமிழ்துடிப் பண்புரைத் தன்று.

மூந்தை முதல்வர் துடியர் இவன்முதல்வர்
எந்தைக்குத் தந்தை யிவனெனக்கு—வந்த
குடியொடு கோடா மரபினேற் கின்னும்
அடியுறு தீந்தேறல் வாக்கு.

The virtues of the old man who beats the drum, according to ancestral custom, for the jewel-ankleted warriors, are celebrated.

VERSE 19

"For my grandsire's grandsire, his grandsire's grandsire
beats the drum! For my father, his father did the same;

so he for me. From duties of his clan he has not swerved;
Pour forth for him one other cup of palm-tree's purest sweetest wine!"

The following song (P.N.N , 290) illustrating the section is attributed to the ancient poetess Avvaiyar :—

இவற்கீத் துண்மதி கள்ளே சினப்போர்
இனக்களிற் றியானை யியறேர்க் குருசில்
நுந்தை தந்தைக் கிவன்றந்தை தந்தை
எடுத்தெறி ஞாட்பி னிமையான் றச்சன்
அடுத்தெறி குறட்டி னின்றுமாய்ந் தனனே
மறப்புகழ் நிறைந்த மைந்தினோ னிவனும்
உறைப்புழி யோலை போல
மறைக்குவன் பெருமநிற் குறித்துவரு வேலே.

[புறம். 290]

"O king, whose chariot drawn by angry elephants
Is foremost in the fray, pour out for him the palm-wine.
His father's father, in fierce fight, when spears flew thick,
Died tenacious as the workman's pincers,
Defending the king, thy father's father !
He too with valour filled, instinct with glory of his race,
Shall, like palm-leaves that screen from sun's fierce rays,
Hide thy head from the spear hurled at it"*

கொற்றவைநிலை

20. *The Demoness Korravai*

ஒளியினீங்கா விறற்படையோள்
அளியினீங்கா அருளுரைத்தன்று.

ஆளி மணிக்கொடிப் பைங்கிளிப் பாய்கலைக்
கூளி மலிபடைக் கொற்றவை—மீளி
அரண்முருங்க ஆகோள் கருதி னடையார்
முரண்முருங்கத் தான்முந் துறும்.

Here they celebrate the never-failing grace of her who protects the warlike host, whose glory never grows dim.

---

*"He will cover thy head in the day of battle."

VERSE 20

"Her beauteous banner bears the lion's form. Her hand the
golden parrot grasps and bounding stag.
A countless host of demons round her press—great Korravai!
When we designed the attack on the foeman's fort,
she went before our host, and made foes flee!"

21. *The Devil-Dance*

வெறியாட்டு

வாலிழையோர் வினைமுடிய
வேலனொடு வெறியாடின்று.

காணில் அரனுங் களிக்குங் கழன்மறவன்
பூணிலங்கு மென்முலைப் போதரிக்கண்—வாணுதல்
தான்முருகு மெய்ந்நிறீஇத் தாமம் புறந்திளைப்ப
வேன்முருகற் காடும் வெறி.

The damsels, with flawless jewels decked, dance the mystic dance with Velan,* now the deed is done. This is called the *Vallai Dance.*

VERSE 21

"Did the black-throated One behold, he would rejoice;
it is the dance performed for the dart-hurling *Murugan*
by warrior, and by jewel-bearing lovely maid,
with fragrant garlands dight."

The following (P.N.N., 257) gives a potrait of the leader of the cattle-raid. It is somewhat confused, but belongs to the VETCHI Padalam:—

செருப்பிடைச் சிறுபரலன்னன் கணைக்கால்
அவ்வயிற் றகன்ற மார்பிற் பைங்கட்
குச்சி னிரைத்த குரூஉமயிர் மோவாய்ச்
செவியிறந்து தாழ்தருங் கவுளன் வில்லொ
டியார்கொலோ வளியன் றானே தேரின்
ஊர்பெரி திகந்தன்று மிலனே யரணெனக்
காடுகைக் கொண்டன்று மிலனே காலைப்
புல்லா ரினநிரை செல்புற நோக்கிக்

* *Velan*=spearman.

கையிற் சுட்டிப் பையென வெண்ணிச்
சிலையின் மாற்றி யோனே யவைதாம்
மிகப்பல வாயினு மென்னு மெனைத்தும்
வெண்கோ டோன்றுக் குழிசியொடு
நாளுறை மத்தொலி கேளா தோனே. [புறம். 257]

CALL THE MILK MAIDS !

"Softly he treads as though pebbles were in his sandals ;
Huge his paunch and broad his chest,
Bright his eye, and beard bristly as the mountain-side,
His cheeks hang down like dewlaps !
Who is this that thus cometh with his bow ? A fearful sight!
Look close, he doth not come from far :
He is not one whose fort is in the wilderness.
At early dawn he watched the course of the foeman's herds,
Pointed them out with his hand, numbered them,
And with his bow drove off the would-be rescuers !
The herd is large, but what the gain
If those who milk with white large mouthed vessels,
And who churn are not at hand."

These twenty-one verses form the whole *Padalam* commemorating the incidents of the cattle-raid.

இரண்டாவது கரந்தைப் படலம்

PADALAM II

THE *Karanthai* WREATH, OR THE RESCUERS

This is a wreath of *basil* or *tulaci*, a sacred plant of several species having dark purple flowers, contrasting with the bright crimson of the *Vetchi* of the former *Padalam*. This *Karanthai* wreath was worn by those who went forth to oppose the raiders and rescue the herds. In P.N.N., there are eleven lyrics which referred to this *Tinai*.

கரந்தை

1. *The Karanthai*

மலைத்தெழுந்தோர் மறஞ்சாயத்
தலைக்கொண்ட நிரைபெயர்த்தன்று.

அழுங்கனீர் வையகத் தாருயிரைக் கூற்றம்
விழுங்கியபின் வீடுகொண் டற்றுற்—செழுங்குடிகள்
தாரார் கரந்தை தலைமலைந்து தாங்கோடல்
நேரார்கைக் கொண்ட நிரை.

Here the owners of the herds with their chaplets of dark purple flowers rush forth to the rescue.

VERSE 22

"The crowding warriors crown their heads with garlands of *karanthai*,
and go forth to rescue the herds the foeman drives away;
as though one should bring back the souls of dwellers on earth
begirt by the sounding sea, after death has devoured them."

கரந்தையரவம்

2. *The Summons*

நிரைகோள் கேட்டுச் செய்தொழில் ஒழிய
விரைவனர் குழூஉம் வகையுரைத் தன்று.

காலார் கழலார் கடுஞ்சிலையார் கைக்கொண்ட
வேலார் வெருவந்த தோற்றத்தார்—காலன்
கிளர்ந்தாலும் போல்வார் கிணைப்பூசல் கேட்டே
உளர்ந்தார் நிரைப்பெயர்வு முண்டு.

The people whose herds are being driven away are bidden to relinquish their occupations and haste to the rescue.

VERSE 23

"The jewel-ankleted heroes, the fierce bowmen,
they who wield the spear, men terrible to sight, who fear not

death in their fierce anger,—all hear the sound of the drum,
and go to rescue the flocks which the vetchi-chapletted have
carried off."

3. *The Rescuers on the Track*

அதரிடைச்செலவு

ஆற்ருர் ஒழியக் கூற்றெனச் சினைஇப்
போற்ருர் போகிய நெறியிடை யேகின்று.

சங்குங் கருங்கோடும் தாழ்பீலிப் பல்லியமும்
எங்கும் பறையோ டெழுந்தார்ப்ப—வெங்கல்
அழற்சுரந் தாம்படர்ந்தார் ஆன்சுவட்டின் மேலே
நிழற்கதிர்வேல் மின்ன நிரைத்து.

Only those unfit for war remain in the town; the rest, boiling with fierce wrath, follow the track of the raiders.

VERSE 24

"The conch-shell sounds, with the mighty horn, and
instruments of music;
adorned with peacock feathers, and roused by the roll of the
loud drum.
The *Rescuers* arise, and over the fiery desert make their way,
following the tracks of the cattle,—spears glistening like the
sun."

போர்மலைதல்

4. *The Doubtful Fight*

வெட்சி யாரைக் கண்ணுற்று வளைஇ
உட்குவரத் தாக்கி உளர்செருப் புரிந்தன்று.

புலிக்கணமும் சீயமும் போர்க்களிறும் போல்வார்
வலிச்சினமு மானமுந் தேசும்—ஒலிக்கும்
அருமுனை வெஞ்சுரத் தான்பூசற் கோடிச்
செருமலைந்தார் சீற்றஞ் சிறந்து.

They draw near the raiders, surround them, attack them with fearful energy, and a battle with many changeful fortunes is fought.

VERSE 25

"Like a multitude of tigers or lions or warrior-elephants,
full of power and wrath and honourable shame and glorious resolve,
they shout, and hasten on. as they hear
the raiders' defiant cry ;—and so the battle rages."

The following sections of this chapter speak of the glory of the individual heroes on either side. They fall fighting to the last full of enthusiasm. But we shall henceforth content ourselves with a few specimen verses.

வேத்தியன்மலிபு

13. Glory of the King

அங்கையுள் நெல்லி அதன்பயம் ஆதலாற்
கொங்கலர் தாரான் குடைநிழற்கீழ்த்—தங்கிச்
செயிர்வழங்கும் வாளமருட் சென்றடையார் வேல்வாய்
உயிர்வழங்கும் வாழ்க்கை உறும்.

The praise is sung of the king, *Maravars* the valiant swordsmen.

VERSE 34

... ...

"They *truly live* who yield their lives
fighting against the foe in the fierce battle
amid the flash of swords and
the whirling of the spear!"

குடிநிலை

14. The Heroic Race

மண்திணி ஞாலத்துத் தொன்மையு மறனும்
கொண்டுபிற ரறியுங் குடிவர வுரைத்தன்று.

பொய்யகல நாளும் புகழ்விளைத்தல் என்வியப்பாம்
வையகம் போர்த்த வயங்கொலிநீர்—கையகலக்
கற்றோன்றி மண்தோன்றாக் காலத்தே வாளோடு
முற்றோன்றி மூத்த குடி.

The praises of the heroes of tried valour and of ancient race.

VERSE 35

"The men of ancient race that appear foremost in the fight
wielding their swords; who stand as, in the universal
deluge, some mountain-top rises firm amid the flood;—
what wonder if their glory lives when all falsehoods have
passed away!

Thus ends the chapter of the *Rescue*.

We have seen that many of the lyrics in the *Pura-nanuru* seem to have been composed from the hints given in these verses; or it may be that from those lyrics this more systematized work has arisen. Certain it is that they are closely connected, and must be studied together. Thus P. N.N., 259 evidently refers to an incident in the attempted rescue. The rescuers are in sight of the raided flocks, but the raiders themselves are not seen; the bard cries out to the angry pursuers :—

ஏறுடைப் பெருநிரை பெயர்தரப் பெயரா
திலைபுதை பெருங்காட்டுத் தலைகரந் திருந்த
வல்வின் மறவ ரொடுக்கங் காணாய்
செல்லல் செல்லல் சிறக்கநின் னுள்ளம்
முருகுமெய்ப் பட்ட புலைத்தி போலத்
தாவுபு தெறிக்கு மான்மேற்
புடையிலங் கொள்வாட் புனைகழ லோயே. [புறம். 259]

"See'st not the ambushed Maravars with well-strung bows,
Hid in the jungle vast amid the leafy trees
Who while the raided cattle move, move not with them!
Stay, stay, all honour to thy glorious soul! O thou
Whose foot the hero's jewelled anklet wears, by whose side
Glistens the sword resplendent, whose steeds,
Quivering with eagerness, shake like the priestess' frame
Before the demon shrine, when *Murugan* inspires her soul!

Here we have an instructive glimpse of the current demon worship, with the agitated priestess dancing wildly

before the image of the hill-god. This may be seen daily even yet in the South.

Cattle-lifting is the chief topic in all these poems. It was the beginning of warfare : the *Raid* was followed by the *Rescue*, and these by the organised *Invasion* of the enemy's country (for which another wreath was assumed). This leads to the systematic *defence*, and the defenders assumed a different wreath. The siege and protection of forts each demanded its appropriate garland. Then came *war in general* and for that another wreath was borne. And finally, the victors who had gained *Supremacy* had another wreath, which they wore as the proud token of their victory. Thus our work relates to the expeditions in which these eight different chaplets were worn by the combatants. Some interesting chapters follow in which kings and their attributes, and miscellaneous matters connected with the life of the people, are illustrated. It is from these, as has been said, that the authors of the Kural, the Naladiar, and other lesser poets drew much of their material. It must be evident, therefore, that in many respects the work we are now concerned with is an introduction to almost the whole of the genuine poetry of the Tamil language.

The thorough exposition of these chapters, which reveal to us the South Indian primitive tribes making war with one another from their hill fortresses, would require a volume. It must be remembered that in those days there were three great kingdoms of the South—the Pandian, with Madura as its capital; the C'era, with Karur as its centre; and the Chola dominion, with Uraiyur as its chief town. (See my Naladiar, p. 414; verses 240-3.) But besides these, almost every little hill had its chieftain who sometimes considered himself subject to one or other of the great powers, but generally was independent, and sometimes even fought

against them. These petty chieftains were for the most part of lower caste, if indeed caste distinctions was really recognized among them. In the greater kingdoms Brahmanical influence was predominant, and was gradually leavening the whole South.

The chief tribe of what we may call the aborigines were the Maravar, or 'men of violence,' as the name signifies. They often fought as mercenaries in the armies of the greater kings. They still form a very great part of the population of the extreme South, and have no small share of the rude qualities of their ancestors.

The Demoness whom they worship was called *Korravai*, (கொற்றவை) 'the Victorious One' [in Malayalam, Korri] (கொற்றி). She was evidently the object of worship among the oldest peoples of the South, and she is the great Demoness whose worship is performed under many names in the Devil Temples which are still found in every southern village. The Brahmans have transferred her attributes to UMA, the wife of *Siva* and call her *Durga*, with whom she is now quite confounded.* There was also a divinity, the Hill-god of all the South, who is represented as being the son of *Korravai*. His name is *Murugan*,‡ 'the

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* The whole history of the myths connected with *Durga* and many kindred subjects should be studied in Muirs "Sanskrit Text," vol. iv., with references to the very complete index.

‡The following note was communicated by Mr. S.W. Coomaraswami to "The Light of Truth" Vol. III. p. 222.

The following information, which the Rev. Dr. G. U. Pope of Oxford has kindly sent me in reply to an enquiry about the root-idea of முருகு, will, I hope, be of interest to some of the readers of your valuable journal.

"I think முரு really means 'perfume,' and is thence given to the tree, under which dances in honour of their hill-deity were performed by ancient South Indians.

Fragrant One. And he has been received into the Hindu Pantheon and invested with the attributes of *Karttikeyan*, the warrior son of *Siva*, and is so regarded by nearly all the rural tribes. Originally it seems quite certain that he had nothing to do with the Brahminical deities. The

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I am sorry to say that there is no great interest felt here in Tamil literature.

The glossaries to my Kural and Naladiyar have been carefully compiled.

On the strength of the above suggestion, the different meanings of the word in question may be, I believe, satisfactorily accounted for as follws.

முருகு (1) Perfume, or, by Synecdoche, a flower.

(2) Akil' (Agullochum), the wood being *sweet scented*.

(3) Honey, which is collected by bees from the *flowers* of plants.

(4) Toddy, which is sweet as *honey*, or which is obtained from the *spadix* of the palmyra or cocoanut tree.

(5) Youth or the *flower* of age. Compare also the expression the *bloom* or *bud* of youth.

(6) Beauty, which attends *Youth* and fades with age.

(7) Elevation (of mind) or high spirits, which distinuish youth from old age.

(8) Murugan or the Dravidian hill diety in honour of whom dances were performed under the *murugu* tree ; or Karttikeya with whose attributes *murugan* was invested after being admitted in the Hindu Pantheon. (Vide Dr. Pope's Extracts from Pura-Porul-Venba-Malai. Padalam 2nd Para, last but one.)

(9) A festival originally dances and feasts in honour of *Murugan ;* முருகியம் is a drum, probably used on these occasions.

student who would form an independent opinion on these subjects must read these verses in the original. comparing them with the *Pura-nanuru*, and with the *Tolkappiyam* (*Porul* 56—60), and with chapter I of the *Pattu-Pattu* ('ten lyrics'). Good editions of all these have been issued by *Swaminathaiyar* and *Tamotharam Pillai* veteran scholars whose learning and industry are worthy of all praise. Of these works it is hoped that some account may hereafter be given. The dances in honour of these divinities, and especially of *Murugan*, are many, and are still performed. The late lamented *Sundaram Pillai*, in an article published in the *Madras Christian College Magazine*, March 1891, has given an exceedingly interesting account of the *Pattu-pattu*, and he says: "It seems not altogether impossible that *Murugan* was originally a Dravidian diety; and that in the course of time, when Aryan civilization found it expedient to adopt the

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(10) An ornament (for the ear), which adds *grace* or *beauty* to the person of the wearer.

முருது—the lemon-tree has no connection with the above world but is an incorrect form of முருக்கு so called on account of the *thorns* common to that tree and the Indian coral tree or Moochie, which is very *fragile* and serves only for *fuel*. The root is முரு found in the verbs முருங்கு and முருக்கு respectively meaning to perish and to destroy.

In his edition of Nighandu 1st part, A. Kumaraswami Pulavar of Jaffna says that Murugan (Subramanya) was so called on account of his being the *younger* son of Siva.

As this explanation may not satisfactorily account for the application of the word Murugan to a demon or a demoniac and as Murugan is represented as the son of Korravai or Korri, the great Demoness of the South, in Pura-Porul-Venba-Malai which is, according to Dr. Pope, more than a thousand years old. there can be little doubt that Murugan also was orginally a demon of the South and that the name should be dealt with agreeably of this notion. [This is clearly erroneous —J. M. N.]

cult of the independent nations over which it came to exercise its influence, a place in the Puranic mythology was found for the war-god of the Tamils, as transformed and embellished by Aryan genius; just as in more recent times Buddhistic institutions and even Buddha himself, under the name of *Shashta*, came to be absorbed into Brahmanism."

Perhaps one of the most remarkable 'developments' that can be found anywhere is that of the idea of this Devil-dance as seen to this day in the South, into the really beautiful idea of Sivan's mystic dance giving life and blessing to the whole created universe. This, most undoubtedly, is the origin of the dance in Tillai. [See *Nal.*, 16.]

மூன்றுவது வஞ்சிப் படலம்
PADALAM III

The *Vanji* wreath, or Invasion of the Enemy's Territories

Raids such as have been described naturally lead to systematic invasions of the territories of those who have proved themselves such troublesome and treacherous neighbours. The injured king now declares war, or makes war without declaring it: while he and his warriors, binding the *Vanji* wreaths upon their brows, go forth with their fourfold full array of elephants, chariots, horses, and infantry. The *Vanji** is the general name for any creeping plant, such as is found on all the mountain slopes. This particular wreath is represented as composed of flowers of a yellow colour, and

*Probably the Sanskrit 'Madhavi' or *Hiptage madoblata*, a very large rampant shrub of scandent habit with lanceolate pointed leaves, seven inches long; handsome when in full blossom with its profuse trusses of white and yellow fragrant flowers, somewhat resembling the horse-chestnut, in the month of Feb.—J. M. N.

the plant is one whose leaves are green all the year round. It is the symbol of a race the fire of whose valour is never extinguished. It is curious that *Vanji* has become the poetical name of *Karur*, the Cera capital, and it would seem that the C'era kings, of whom twelve are celebrated in the P.N.N., were remarkable for the frequency of their invasions of neighbouring territories. Being for the most part mountaineers, their energy was resistless, and we may add that their wrath was implacable. Thus in P.N.N., 4, the great poet *Paranar* sings of one of these expeditions, and his song is a specimen of very many in the same work. He celebrates the sword, the jewelled anklet, the capacious shield, the fiery charger, the resistless elephant, and the towering banner-crowned chariot of a king; and thus concludes:—

> மாக்கட னிவந்தெழுதரும்
> செஞ்ஞாயிற்றுக் கவினைமாதோ
> அனையை யாகன்மாறே
> தாயி றூவாக் குழவி போல
> ஓவாது கூவுநின் னுடற்றியோர் நாடே. [புறம். 4]

Like the ruddy sun arising over the dark sea
art thou in thy beauty, O king!
And therefore, the land of them that provoked thy wrath
shall ceaseless mourn, foodless, and helpless,
like the tender infant forsaken by its mother!"

வஞ்சி

1. *The Invasion*

> வாடா வஞ்சி தலைமலைந்து
> கூடார்மண் கொளல்குறித்தன்று.

> செங்கண் மழவிடையின் தண்டிச் சினமறவர்
> வெங்கண் மலிந்து விழவமர—வங்குழைய
> வஞ்சி வணங்கார் வணக்கிய வண்டார்ப்பக்
> குஞ்சி மலைந்தானெங் கோ.

The king puts on the unfading *Vanji* wreath, and contemplates the subjugation of the enemy's land.

[The invasion and complete subjugation of the whole southern seaboard by the famous Pandian *Nedum-celiyan* is related in P. Pattu, vi, 149, etc.]

VERSE 36

"Like young bulls red-eyed
the youthful warriors bend their bows,
with glistening eyes, longing for the battle feast; and so
put on the *Vanji* wreath, to subdue the unsubdued."

வஞ்சியரவம்

2. *The Invading Hosts*

வள்வார் முரசமொடு வயக்களிறு முழங்க
ஒள்வாள் தானை உருத்தெழுந் தன்று.

பௌவம் பணைமுழங்கப் பற்றார்மண் பாழாக
வௌவிய வஞ்சி வலம்புனையச் — செவ்வேல்
ஒளிறும் படைநடுவண் ஊழித்தீ யன்ன
களிறும் களித்திருங் கார்.

The heroes arise in their wrath, brandishing their bright swords, amid the trumpeting of the elephant-hosts.

VERSE 37

"The drums sound out like the roaring of the angry sea!
Wreathed with the *Vanji* the valiant bands rush on.
In the midst of the glittering bands, like the eternal fires,
the elephants madly rush on like black clouds in the rainy sky"

The following verses speak of the uplifting of the banner, and the unsheathing of the sword. *Korravai* is again introduced as putting to flight the enemy's forces.

இதுவுமது

6. *The Model Hero*

தமருள் தலையாதல் தார்தாங்கி நிற்றல்
எமருள்யா மின்னம்என் றெண்ணல் — அமரின்
முடுகழலின் முந்துறுதன் முல்லைத்தார் வேந்தன்
தொடுகழன் மைந்தர் தொழில்.

VERSE 41

"You ask how the hero distinguishes himself: he is
foremost, mid his kinsmen's hosts. He emulates the
prowess of the bravest. Like fire he penetrates the
foeman's rank: these are the deeds of the jewel-ankleted
hero."

கொற்றவள்ளை

8. *Woe to the Conquered*

மன்னவன் புகழ்கிளந்
தொன்னார் நா டழிபிரங்கின்று.

தாழார மார்பினான் தாமரைக்கண் சேந்தனவாற்
பாழாய்ப் பரிய விளிவதுகொல்—யாழாய்ப்
புடைத்தேன் இமிர்கண்ணிப பூங்கண் புதல்வர்
நடைத்தேர் ஒலிகறங்கு நாடு.

The soldiers commiserate the sufferings of the land they overrun.

VERSE 43

"The lotus-like eyes of the warrior, whose breast bears
the warlike wreath, are wet with tears, as
he exclaims: 'They perish, a fearful spectacle to all beholders
they who erewhile rode forth with garlands gay,
with glistening eyes, and sound of warriors' cars.'"

பேராண்வஞ்சி

9. *The Rewards*

பலிபெறு நன்னகரும் பள்ளி யிடனும்
ஒலிகெழு நான்மறையோர் இல்லு—நலிவொரீஇப்
புல்லார் இரியப் பொருதார் முனைகெடுத்த
வில்லார்க் கருள்சுரந்தான் வேந்து.

As they come to distribute the spoil, the question arises, who of the foe shall be spared?

VERSE 44

"Touch not the temples, where sacrifices are offered;
spare the dwellings of the holy ascetics;

enter not the houses of the sacred Vedic Brahmans.
Let all the rest be abandoned to our warriors as their
guerdon."

[See P.N.N., 9.]

The vanquished enemy now submits and pays tribute The prowess of the heroes is again celebrated.

மழபுலவஞ்சி

14. The Wasted Land

கூடார்முனை கொள்ளைசாற்றி
வீடறக்கவர்ந்த வினைமொழிந்தன்று.

களமர் கதிர்மணி காலேகம் செம்பொன்
வளமனை பாழாக வாரிக்—கொளன்மலிந்து
கண்ணார் சிலையார் கவர்ந்தார் கழல்வேந்தன்
நண்ணார் கிளையலற நாடு.

The devastation of the ravaged land, and the deserted homes, described. [Cf. P.N.N., 6.]

VERSE 50

Spoils

"Gather the slaves, the heaped-up jewels, pearls,
red gold, the plunder from the stately homes,
and give them to the warriors ; while subjects
of the hostile king make loud laments!"

The inhabitants of the invaded land flee on every side ; the country is ravaged with fire ; and the invaders build their fortresses.

இதுவுமது

22. The Warriors' Feast

இயவர் புகழ எறிமுர சார்ப்பக்
குயவரி வேங்கை யனைய வயவர்
பெறுமுறையாற் பிண்டங்கோள் ஏவினான் பேணார்
இறுமுறையா லெண்ணி யிறை.

VERSE 58

"The instruments of music sound out. The heroes like tigers
rush upon the field and reap the crops and feast,
while they explore the resources of the vanquished lands."

காஞ்சி

25. *Glory to the Conquering Invaders*

இறுத்தபின் அழிபிரங்கல்
மறுத்துரைப்பினும் அத்துறையாகும்.

குரையழல் மண்டிய கோடுயர்.மாடம்
சுரையொடுபேய்ப் பீர்க்கும் சுமந்த—நிரைதிண்டேர்ப்
பல்லிசை வென்றிப் படைக்கடலான் சென்றிறுப்ப
நல்லிசை கொண்டடையார் நாடு.

Triumph and pity mingle in the final song.

VERSE 60

"Where palaces like mountains reared their heads, the roar
of the consuming fire is heard. Wild jungle plants grow
among the ruins. The conqueror rides glorious on his lofty car,
round which triumphing hosts flow like a mighty sea !

These desolating wars account for the multitudes of deserted strongholds whose ruins are yet to be seen, and for the comparative sparseness of the population at the period when authentic history begins. In P.N.N., twelve lyrics refer to this chapter. In all the poems there is a note of an oft-times savage ferocity. These old Dravidians were great and most implacable warriors!

Whatever faults may be found with the government under the *Pax Britannica* by peevish and restless partisans, we see that the idea of a *Pax Tamuliensis* is a myth.

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நான்காவது காஞ்சிப் படலம்

PADALAM IV

THE KANJI PADALAM OR THE DEFENCE OF THE FORT.

The Kanji is the *Ulmus integrifolia*, or elm-tree, and its foliage was dark. Its flowers and leaves formed the wreaths worn by the defenders of an invaded country, and were supposed to be indicative of a stubborn resolve to conquer or die. This most generally ended in the death of the king and the overthrow of his kingdom, and hence the same word (Kanji) is used for the wreath of a minstrel who inculcates moral precepts, and more especially dwells on the instability of wordly things. The word Kanji has thus become a synonym for 'sober counsel,' and some of the verses under this heading have nothing particular to do with war. The great example of this is the Madura-Kanji, an account of which will be given in the life of the Pandian, Talai-Alanga-nattu ceruvenra Nedum-celiyan.

காஞ்சி

I. *The Kanji Wreath.*

வேஞ்சின மாற்றான் விடுதர வேந்தன்
காஞ்சி சூடிக் கடிமனை கருதின்று.

அருவரை பாய்ந்திறுது மென்பார்பண் டின்றிப்
பெருவரைச் சீறூர் கருதிச்—செருவெய்யோன்
காஞ்சி மலைபக் கடைக்கணித்து நிற்பதோ
தோஞ்செய் மறவர் தொழில்.

The inhabitants of the invaded country put on wreaths of the *Kanji*, and retire to make a last stand in their mountain fortresses.

VERSE 61

"Since there is no longer any band to withstand the foe
upon the plain,
at least we can die on the heights of our native hills!"

'So saying, intent upon the defence of their little mountain homes,
the warriors assume the *Kanji* wreath."

The following verses in the chapter illustrate the fierceness of the final struggle. Marvels of bravery are related. The heroes fall; their wives perish with them; the warrior rips open his wounds and dies on the plain; demons and demonesses brood over the gory battlefields, sometimes helping and sometimes destroying the dying men; much toddy is consumed, libations to the great demoness are poured out, and a universal wail is heard.

மன்னைக்காஞ்சி
19. The Elegy.

வியலிடமருள விண்படர்ந்தோன்
இயல்பேத்தி அழிபிரங்கின்று.

போர்க்குப் புணைமன் புரையோர்க்குத் தாணுமன்
ஊர்க்கும் உலகிற்கும் ஓருயிர்மன்—யார்க்கிம்
அறந்திறந்த வாயி லடைத்ததா லண்ணல்
திறந்திறந்த நீளிலே வேல்.

Praise and pity mingle in the song as the heroes ascend to the paradise of the valiant.

VERSE 80.

"He was the raft on which his people sailed over the sea of battle!
He was a pillar amongst the mighty!
He was the life of his town, and of the world!
The door of charitable deeds has been closed by the spear
that tore open our leader's breast!"

In P.N.N. there are forty-one lyrics, of which this gives the keynote.

Other topics are introduced, but the chapter ends with the 'crushing defeat' and it would seem, the extermination of the conquered people.

ஐந்தாவது நொச்சிப் படலம்

PADALAM V

THE DEFENCE OF THE FORT

THE *Nochchi* WREATH.

The next chapter speaks of the defence of hill-forts. When hostile kings besieged a fort, its defenders were accustomed to assume a wreath of the leaves and flowers of a wild tree called the *Nochchi* or '*Vitex Nirgundi.*" There are many species of the *Vitex*, which is often called the five leaved chaste tree' (see Ainslie's "Materia Medica," vol. ii, p. 252). The flowers are of a pure, pale-bluish colour, and have a pleasant fragrance. The flower is very celebrated in Tamil songs. The poet Moci-cattanar has sung of it very sweetly (P.N.N., 271, 272):

நீரறவறியா நிலமுதற் கலந்த
கருங்குர னொச்சிக் கண்ணூர் குழூஉத்தழை
மெல்லிழை மகளி ரைதக லல்குற்
றொடலை யாகவுங் கண்டன மினியே
வெருவரு குருதியொடு மயங்கி யுருவுகரந்
தொறுவாய்ப் பட்ட தெரியலூரன் செத்துப்
பருந்துகொண் டுகப்பயாங் கண்டனம்
மறம்புகன் மைந்தன் மலைந்த மாறே. [புறம். 271]

"Like linked gems are *Nochchi's* curling ringlets blue,
Mid all the flowering trees is none whose tender hue
So fills the soul with love as thine, whose blooming wreath
Men see the youthful maiden's slender form ensheathe,
In the wide guarded city,—sight beloved of all;
And when fierce enemies attack the moated wall,
The warriors on their brows thy flowers defiant show,
As sign they shield their virgin fort every foe."

It was the symbol of chastity, and those that wore these wreaths were pledged to keep their fort inviolate. The virgin fortress guarded by warriors so adorned, laughed at

its foes. Much of romance mingled with the ferocity of those ancient days !

நொச்சி

1. *The* Nochchi

ஏப்புழை ஞாயில் ஏந்துநிலை அரணம்
காப்போர் சூடிய பூப்புகழ்ந் தன்று.

ஆடரவம் பூண்டான் அழலுணச் சீறிய
கூடரணங் காப்போர் குழாம்புரையச்—சூடினர்
உச்சி மதிவழங்கும் ஒங்கு மதில்காப்பான்
நொச்சி நுதிவே லவர்.

The heroes go forth to guard their turret-crowned battlements, whence archers shoot forth their deadly arrows.

VERSE 86

"Like the host of the *Avunar* whose triple fort
the god with serpent crowned, and fiery form would take,
these warriors crowned with *Nochchi* wreaths
guard their strongholds, wielding the sharp-pointed dart."

This is one of the common places of Hindu verse, here borrowed from the *Maha Bharata.* The story of the destruction of the three forts of the *Asurar* (or *Avunar*) is most celebrated (see Muir's Sanskrit Texts, vol, iv pp. 203, 225).

There were in the sky three cities of the valorous Asuras, one of iron, another of silver, and a third of gold which Maghavan (Indra) could not demolish, with all his weapons. Then all the great gods, distressed, went to the great Rudra (afterwards known as Siva) as their refuge and said to him after they were assembled : " Rudra, there shall be victims devoted to thee in all the sacrifices. Bestower of honour, destroy the Daityas with their cities and deliver the worlds." He, being thus addressed, said, "So be it"; and making Vishnu his arrow, Agni, its barb, Yama, the son of Vivasvat, its feather, all the Vedas his bow, and the excellent Savitri

(the Gayatri) his bowstring, and having appointed Brahma his charioteer, he in due time pierced through these cities with a three-jointed three-barbed arrow, of the colour of the sun, and in fierceness like the fire which burns up the world. These Asuras with their cities were there burnt up by Rudra. [Cf. Tiruvacagm, xiv.]

One of the most famous historic defences of a fort is referred to in P.N.N., 21. The fort was called Kana-pereyil, and its king bore the epithet of *Vengai-marban* (he whose breast wore a *Kino* garland). It was besieged by the famous king of Madura, *Ukkira-peru-Valuthi*, of whom something will be said in the Analysis of the P.N.N. The poet *Mulam-kilar* of *Aiyar* enumerates the parts of the fortification: "There was first of all, a moat so deep that it reached down to the abodes of demons; next there was a wall that rose up to the heavens; this was crowned with turrets from which the archers shot forth their arrows; there was an impervious wood that surrounded all; and there were numerous small forts at every angle."

The chapter contains the usual praises of the king and his warriors, relates how they fell fighting to the last: "they desired not, these lions in the fight, to guard their bodies or their lives." There is also a hint that these sieges were often the result of a refusal on the part of the king to give his daughter in marriage to the leader of the besieging army.

ஆருவது உழிஞைப் படலம்

PADALAM VI

THE BESIEGERS: ATTACKING ENEMIES' STRONGHOLDS.

THE *Ulinai* WREATH. [Venba, 95-126.]

When an army marched to besiege a fort they wore a wreath of the Ulinai (*Oeruι lanιtar*), a species of cotton-plant, which is mentioned in P.N.N., 50, where it is said to have 'golden shoots,' and to belong to the 'Western Country.' This seems to have been worn by our heroes in derision, implying the worthlessness and weakness of the fort they went to seize. There is little remarkable in this chapter. We are told in it that sheep were offered in sacrifice by the combatants; the exploits of Vishnu, who stormed a fort called *Virιco*, are celebrated; as also those of Sivan (as above). The encircling wood is cut down; the besiegers make rafts on which they pass the moat; scaling ladders are applied to the wall; the besiegers leap down into the area; tremendous fights take place; and the fort is taken.

26. Utterly waste

உழுது வித்திடுதல்

எண்ணார் பல்லெயில் கழுதையே ருழுவித்து
உண்ணா வரகொடு கொள்வித் தின்று.

எழுதெழில் மாடத் திடனெலாம் நூறிக்
கழுதையேர் கையொளிர்வேல் கோலா—உழுததற்பின்
வெள்வரகு கொள்வித் திடினும் விளியாதாற்
கள்விரவு தாரான் கதம்.

This relates how the conquerors, yoking asses, plough up the foundations of the fort, and sow worthless jungle plants upon the spot.

VERSE 120

"The beautiful homes with pictured walls are levelled with the dust;
asses are yoked to plough up the soil with spears;
while worthless plants are sown on the foundations.
Thus rages the conquering king!"

Other verses tell how there is a solemn washing of their blood-stained swords in sacred waters, and their presentation as offerings. The conqueror is solemnly wedded to the newly-acquired country; neighbouring kings bring tribute; and the chapter ends with universal submission: "They make a desert and they call it peace."

This subject is formally discussed in *Tolkappiyam*, Porul, 66-68, pp. 135-146. An admirable illustration of it is found in P. Pattu, vi, 149, etc.

ஏழாவது தும்பைப் படலம்

PADALAM VII

WAR IN GENERAL

THE *Tumbai* WREATH

தும்பை

1. The Wreath

செங்களத்து மறங்கருதிப்
பைந்தும்பை தலைமலைந்தன்று.

கார்கருதி நின்றதிரும் கௌவை விழுப்பணையான்
சோர்குருதி சூழா நிலநனைப்பப்—போர்கருதித்
துப்புடைத் தும்பை மலைந்தான் துகளறுசீர்
வெப்புடைத் தானையெம் வேந்து.

When a king contemplated an offensive war he assumed a wreath of the especial war-flower, the *tumbai* (*Phlomis Indica*).* This is celebrated in Sanskrit as the *drona.*

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*More correctly, Leucas Linifolia, Spreng.

VERSE 127

'The king, whose war-drum sounds like unceasing thunder
from the stormy clouds,
contemplates war that shall bedew the battlefields with blood.
He has put on the warlike *tumbai* wreath, and leads forth his
hosts eager for the glorious strife."

To these old kings the excitement of war was a necessity of life; it was only thus that the monotony of existence could be relieved. Yet the horrors of war are much dwelt upon in these verses, and the king is represented as hesitating and only deciding upon battle when its necessity was apparent. The twenty-five verses of the chapter present, without any attempt at arrangement, many of the striking incidents of ancient war.

தும்பையரவம்

2. Presents to the Troops

பொன்புனைந்த கழலடியோன்
தன்படையைத் தலையளித்தன்று.

வெல்பொறியும் நாடும் விழுப்பொருளும் தண்ணடையும்
கொல்களிறும் மாவும் கொடுத்தளித்தான்—பல்புரவி
நன்மணித் திண்டேர்நயவார் தலைபணிப்பப்
பன்மணிப் பூணான் படைக்கு.

The king heaps upon his chosen warriors gifts so that they go forth joyously under his banner.

VERSE 128

"Badges of victory, lands, precious treasure, farms,
murderous elephants, and horses,—the king distributes.
His enemies, tho' strong in horses and chariots, tremble when
they hear of the movements of the jewel-bearing king."

தானைமறம்

3. Can the fight not be prevented?

தாம்படைத் தலைக்கொள்ளாமை
ஓம்படுத்த உயர்புகூறின்று.

கழுதார் பறந்தலைக் கண்ணுற்றுத் தம்முள்
இழுதார்வேற் றானை இகலிற் — பழுதாம்
செயிர்காவல் பூண்டொழுகுஞ் செங்கோலார் செல்வம்
உயிர்காவல் என்னும் உரை.

Both armies are brave: might it not be well to avoid a struggle?

VERSE 129

"Should these warriors meet on the demon-haunted battle-ground
and with their polished spears begin the fight,
t wi l prove the saying false, that 'glory of the king
is guardianship of human lives.' "

Praises are now sung of the elephants, the horses, the gallant heroes, and the war chariots.

பாண் பாட்டு

9. *The Bard's Eulogy*

வெண்கோட்ட களிறெறிந்து செங்களத்து வீழ்ந்தார்க்
கைவல்யாழ்ப் பாணர் கடனிறுத் தன்று. [குக்

தளரியல் தாய்புதல்வர் தாமுணா ராமைக்
களரிக் கனல்முழங்க மூட்டி விளரிப்பண்
கண்ணினார் பாணர் களிறெறிந்து வீழ்ந்தார்க்கு
விண்ணினார் செய்தார் விருந்து.

The battle has been fought, and the bards on the battle-field burn or bury the dead with appropriate songs of praise.

VERSE 137

"The tender spouse. the mother, the children know not this!
Upon the battle plain the fiery piles are lit, the death songs sung!
Heroes who fell beneath the elephants they slew
have gone to banquet with the heroes' gods!"

While demon shapes like fantastic shadows dance before, behind, and around, the bodies of some of the slain heroes are carried home.

உவகைக்கலுழ்ச்சி

23. Joy mingled with wailing

வாள்வாய்த்த வடுவாழ்யாக்கைக்
கேள்கண்டு கலுழ்ந்துவந்தன்று.
வெந்தொழிற் கூற்றமு நாணின்று வெங்களத்து
வந்த மறவர்கை வாள்துமிப்பப்—பைந்தொடி
ஆடரிமா அன்னான் கிடப்ப அகத்துவகை
ஓடரிக்கண் நீர்பா யுக.

The wife, seeing the body of her husband covered with glorious wounds, and still grasping the sword, weeps with proud joy.

VERSE 151

"Even death is abashed, for here is valour greater than his own!
The wife takes the sword from the hand of her dead warrior;
and, watching his calm triumphant repose, is glad as she bedews his breast with tears."

This ends up with her voluntary death.

தொகைநிலை

25. All died gloriously

அழிவின்று புகழ்நிறீஇ
ஒழிவின்று களத்தொழிந்தன்று.

மண்டமர்த் திண்தோள் மறங்கடைஇ மண்புலம்பக்
கண்திரள்வேல் மன்னர் களம்பட்டார்—பெண்டிர்
கடிதெழு செந்தீக் கழுமினார் இன்னுங்
கொடிதேகாண் ஆர்ந்தின்று கூற்று.

They perish not; their renown is established for ever, though they lie strewn over the battle-field.

VERSE 154

"They urged a stubborn fight alone, the two kings fell, grasping still their spears; the earth is desolate!

Swiftly their wives uprose, and threw themselves into the flames.
Behold, even fierce death himself is satisfied."

This last verse seems to be a reminiscence of the history referred to in P.N.N., 62, 63. There the kings were the C'eran prince Kudakko-Nedum-C'eralathan, and his rival the C'olan Peruviral Killi, who fell on the same battle-field. Their deaths were sung by the poets *Kalattalayar* and *Paranar*.

There is power and pathos in the following dirge, by the former of these :—

P. N. N. 62

வருதார் தாங்கி யமர்மிகல் யாவது
பொருதாண் டொழிந்த மைந்தர் புண்டொட்டுக்
குருதிச் செங்கைக் கூந்த நீட்டி
நிறங்கிள ருருவிற் பேஎய்ப் பெண்டிர்
எடுத்தெறி யனந்தற் பறைச்சீர் தூங்கப்
பருந்தருந் துற்ற தானையொடு செருமுனிந்
தறத்தின் மண்டிய மறப்போர் வேந்தர்
தாமாய்ந் தனரே குடைதுளங் கினவே
உரைசால் சிறப்பின் முறைசொழிந் தனவே
பன்னூ றடுக்கிய வேறுபடு பைஞ்ஞிலம்
இடங்கெட வீண்டிய வியன்கட் பாசறைக்
களங்கொளற் குரியோ ரின்றித் தெறுவர
உடன்வீழ்ந் தன்று லமரே பெண்டிரும்
பாசடகு மிசையார் பனிநீர் மூழ்கார்
மார்பகம் பொருந்தி யாங்கமைந் தனரே
வாடாப் பூவி னிமையா நாட்டத்து
நாற்ற வுணவி னோரு மாற்ற
அரும்பெற லுலக நிறைய
விருந்துபெற் றனராற் பொலிகநும் புகழே. [புறம். 62]

"What has become of the defiant valour of these rival kings?
Demon Furies probe deep the wounds of the fallen heroes.
While with bloody hands they besmear their dishevelled locks,
hovering round they display their blood-stained forms.
With sullen sound the death-drums moan, while demons dance.

The kings themselves raging with heroic wrath are fallen and lie amid the vultures that devour the slain.
The victory vaunting kingly canopies are low. the drums
that erewhile announced the leaders' glory and their sway, lie broken there.
Over the field, where myriads fought, a fearsome stillness broods
The heroes' wives on dainties feast no more, nor bathe in perfumed waters, but lie dead on the bosoms of their lords.
They have gone to feast in the world of the gods,
who wear unfading wreaths from the tree of Immortality,—
whose eyes slumber not,—who eat ambrosial food.
Let the glory of the heroes live for aye!"

The site of this famous battle is unknown, but it is often referred to in old Tamil verse.

———

எட்டாவது வாகைப் படலம்

PADALAM VIII

THE CONQUEROR

THE *Vagai* WREATH

The leaves and flowers of the *vagai* (*Mimosa flectuosa*), which are white, were worn by victorious kings, or any who won prizes in a competition. This chapter contains thirty-four verses, and appears at first sight to be entirely without plan or purpose; but it indicates the course of conduct which entitles any one, of any caste or class, to the praise of his fellow-men. It is probably of later introduction. There are more conquests than men are apt to imagine. Peace has its victories, more worthy of the Vagai than those of war. A few of these verses, more artificial than the preceding, throw light upon the feelings and habits of the people, and these I have given.

Much of this is from Manu (or similar works), and is the introduction of the Brahman code into the South. We have here the four castes, Kshatriyas, Brahmans, Vaisyas, and Sudras.

வாகை அரவம்

2. The King's Vagai. Triumphant War. The Kshatriya

வெண்கண்ணியும் கருங்கழலும்
செங்கச்சும் தகைபுனைந்தன்று.

அனைய அமருள் அயில்போழ் விழுப்புண்
இனைய இனிக்கவலை யில்லை—புனைக
அழலோ டிமைக்கும் அணங்குடைவாள் மைந்தர்
கழலோடு பூங்கண்ணி கச்சு.

The king, returning from conquest puts on the white *vagai* garland, with the dark jewelled anklets, and girds himself with a purple cincture.

VERSE 156

"These were the glorious wounds I received on the battle-field:
of them and sorrows we will think no more!
Bid my heroes who have overcome the fiery foe put on
the victor's anklets, stainless wreath, and girdle's purple folds."

Eight more verses similar to those in the foregoing chapters celebrate the kingly warrior's triumph.

பார்ப்பனவாகை

9. The Brahman's Vagai: Sacred Rites

கேள்வியாற் சிறப்பெய்தி யானை
வேள்வியான் விறல்மிகுத் தன்று.

ஓதங் கரைதவழ்நீர் வேலி உலகினுள்
வேதங் கரைகண்டான் வீற்றிருக்கும்—ஏதம்
சுடுசுடர் தானாகிச் சொல்லவே வீழ்ந்த
விடுசுடர் வேள்வி அகத்து.

The learned Brahmans celebrate their victory by offering the *yagam* sacrifices.

VERSE 163

"On the land bordered by the sea, on whose borders the surges rise,
he who has seen the Vetham's farthest shore, sits an *ascetic king*.
He, mid the praises of all, lights his sacrificial fires, himself the shining light of men."

வாணிகவாகை

10. *The Merchant's Vagai: Practical Life*

செறுதொழிலிற் சேணீங்கியான்
அறுதொழிலும் எடுத்துரைத்தன்று.

உழுது பயன்கொண் டொலிநிரை ஓம்பிப்
பழுதிலாப் பண்டம் பகர்ந்து—முழுதுணர
ஓதி அழல்வழிபட் டோம்பாத ஈகையான்
ஆதி வணிகர்க் கரசு.

This speaks of the sixfold deeds of the merchant-king free from all evil.

VERSE 164

"He ploughs and reaps the harvest; guards the lowing kine;
sells piles of precious wares; learns lessons of sacred lore;
performs his daily rites with the three fires;
scatters his gifts, nor looks for recompense:
he is the *merchant-king*."

These are the *Vaisyas*. They are the capitalists, proprietors; and the *Vellalars* are their servants.*

---

* Dr. Pope is certainly wrong here. As will be seen from the passage in the Pattinapalai quoted in Tamilian Antiquary No. 2, p. 17, Vellalars are assigned all the three duties stated in this verse and they could not therefore be the servants of the Vaisyas. —J. M. Nallasami Pillai.

வேளாண்வாகை

11. The Vellalar Vagai: Faithful Toil

மேல்மூவரும் மனம்புகல
வாய்மையான் வழியொழுகின்று.

மூவரும் நெஞ்சமர முற்றி அவரவர்
ஏவல் எதிர்கொண்டு மீண்டுரையான்—ஏவல்
வழுவான் வழிநின்று வண்டார் வயலுள்
உழுவான் உலகுக் குயிர்.

The Vellalars, or fourth caste, are those who cultivate the soil under the direction of the higher castes. Their 'triumph' (*Vagai*) is to do the will of their lords.

VERSE 165

"They flourish, in obedience to the three higher ranks;
according to the orders of these they act, and refuse no command;
they live according to the ethic rules prescribed;
they plough the fields, where the beetless hum;
they are the *life* of all that live on the earth."

பொருநவாகை

12. The Chieftain's Vagai: Conciliation

புகழொடு பெருமை நோக்கி யாரையும்
இகழ்தல் ஓம்பென எடுத்துரைத் தன்று.

வெள்ளம்போல் தானை வியந்து விரவாரை
எள்ளி உணர்தல் இயல்பன்று—தெள்ளியார்
ஆறுமேல் ஆறியபின் அன்றித்தம் கைக்கொள்ளார்
நீறுமேற் பூத்த நெருப்பு.

Here is a warning to the chief. He must never be tempted, contemplating his own fame and greatness to treat others contemptuously; but must learn to honour all men.

VERSE 166

"Glorying in thy hosts, like the billows of the sea,
despise not thy foes! Those who rightly judge

touch not with their hands the fire that smoulders still,
'neath ashes white; but wait till it utterly dies out."

The power of vanquished enemies may yet revive; even in their ashes "live their wonted fires."

அறிவன்வாகை

13. *The Wise Man's Vagai: Truth*

இம்மூ வுலகின் இருள்கடியும் ஆய்கதிர்போல்
அம்மூன்றும் முற்ற அறிதலால்—தம்மின்
உறழா மயங்கி உறழினும் என்றும்
பிறழா பெரியோர்வாய்ச் சொல்.

VERSE 167

"The sun sheds light and scatters darkness in three worlds, earth, hell, and heaven.
The wise man knows three times,—the past, present and future belong to man.
Though sun, and worlds, and times should change and pass, though milk become sour,
and light darkness,—*the good man's word of truth fails not.*"

ஏறாண்முல்லை

22. *The Glory of the Heroic race: its Vagai*

The hero's mother speaks:

கன்னின்றான் எந்தை கணவன் களப்பட்டான்
முன்னின்று மொய்யவிந்தார் என்னையர்—பின்னின்று
கைபோய்க் கணையுதைப்பக் காவலன் மேலோடி
எய்போற் கிடந்தானென் ஏறு.

VERSE 176

"My *father* lives in stone, a hero's effigy; my *husband* fell in battle slain.
My *brothers* died, resisting the foe to the last. When all the host had perished,
My *son*, like a porcupine, pierced by innumerable darts, fell fighting against the foeman's king."

வல்லாண்முல்லை

23. The Town of the Heroes: its Vagai

வின்முன் கணைதெரியும் வேட்டைச் சிறுசிறார்
முன்முன் முயலுகளு முன்றிற்றே—மன்முன்
வரைமார்பின் வேல்மூழ்க வாளமுவந் தாங்கி
உரைமாலை சூடினான் ஊர்.

VERSE 177

"Once in *village* courtyard children fitted their arrows to their bows,
to shoot the hares that gathered there. Its heroes now ward off the strokes of hostile kings, from the mighty breasts
of their own leaders: such is the *city* now!"

சால்புமுல்லை

30. Excellence is Victory. The Vagai of the Good

உறையார் விசும்பின் உவாமதி போல
நிறையா நிலவுதல் அன்றிக்—குறையாத
வங்கம்போழ் முந்நீர் வளம்பெறினும் வேறுமோ
சங்கம்போல் வான்மையார் சால்பு.

VERSE 185

"They change not as in the sky the changing moon.
Though they obtain wealth brought in ships from over the ocean,
Will their excellence change, whose hearts are pure
As the white conch-shell found on that ocean's shore?"

அருளொடுநீங்கல்

33. Grace in Life and Death. The final Vagai

This chapter, concerned with the conqueror's wreath contains many verses that hardly seem to belong to the subject, and seem to be of later origin; but it ends with the following quatrain, which is meant to teach *there is no real victory but that which overcomes the world.* There is an aroma of the Bhagavat Gita here.

கயக்கிய நோய்வாய்க் கைமிகந்து நம்மை
இயக்கிய யாக்கை இறுமுன்—மயக்கிய
புட்படா வைகும் பயன்ஞால நீள்வலை
உட்படாம் போத லுறும்.

VERSE 188

"Before the body perishes. that long has afflicted us,
with many pains and bound us fast, let us escape from the net,
with many meshes, of the world, which is full of fear and confusion,
and gain the right path! *This alone is strength aud victory.*"

This ends the eighth chapter; the eight wreaths of the warrior have been sung in order.

———

ஒன்பதாவது பாடாண் படலம்

PADALAM IX

ROYALTY.

This chapter, in fifty-one quatrains, is supposed to treat of the duties and glories of the king and kingdom. The *Kural*, ch. xxxix contains the substance. It is entirely miscellaneous, and its topics will better be studied in connection with the Pura-nanuru (cf. P.N.N. 6).

A few verses illustrating the lives of these old chieftains are interesting. In P.N.N., 239, is given a picture of what to them was a 'perfect life.'

THE PARAGON.

தொடியுடைய தோண்மணந்தனன்
கடிகாவிற் பூச்சூடினன்
தண்கமழுஞ் சாந்துநீவினன்
செற்றோரை வழிதபுத்தனன்
நட்டோரை யுயர்புகூறினன்
வலியரென வழிமொழியலன்

மெலியரென மீக்கூறலன்
பிறரைத்தா னிரப்பறியலன்
இரந்தோர்க்கு மறுப்பறியலன்
வேந்துடைய வையத் தோங்குபுகழ் தோற்றினன்
வருபடை யெதிர் தாங்கினன்
பெயர்படை புறங்கண்டனன்
கடும்பரிய மாக்கடவினன்
நெடுந்தெருவிற் றேர்வழங்கினன்
ஓங்கியல களிறூர்ந்தனன்
தீஞ்செறி தசும்புதொலைச்சினன்
பாணுவப்பப் பசிதீர்த்தனன்
மயக்குடைய மொழிவிடுத்தனன், ஆங்குச்
செய்ப வெல்லாஞ் செய்தன னாகலின்
இடுக வொன்றோ சுடுக வொன்றோ
படுவழிப் படுகவிப் புகழ்வெய்யோன் றலையே. [புறம் 239]

"He wedded one with armlets decked, one fair to see;
He put on chap'ets in the pleasant flowery park;
He smeared himself with fragrant *sa: dal* paste;
He slew his foes with all their kindred race;
He friends extolled and magnified;
Homage to none he paid as mightier than himself;
Triumphed o'er none as weaker than himself.
He ne'er sought aid of others as a suppliant;
To none that asked did he refuse his aid.
He shone with glory in the councils of the state;
He stood a bulwark, 'gainst the vanguard of the foe;
He followed up relentlessly their fleeing host.
He urged his charger swiftly o'er the plain;
Round the long course he drove the lofty car;
He rode aloft on mighty elephant of state;
He quaffed from golden bowl the sweet palm-wine;
He made the hearts of minstrels glad with feasts;
His lucid word made clear the darkest theme;
And thus, all that a man may do he did!
Take ye the head of this all-glorious one,
Cut off with sword, or burn, or let it lie
Where'er you will; his glory is *secure*."

The king was *Nambi Nedum Celiyan*, evidently a king of Madura in very ancient days. He is mentioned nowhere else.

The minstrel was *Muruvalar* ('the laughing one') of *pereyil* (see notes on v. 36), and this is his only remaining song.

The following beautiful verse (P.N.N., 245) is by *Ma-Kothai*, the *Ceran* king, on the death of his queen :—

யாங்குப்பெரி தாயினு நோயள வெனைத்தே
உயிர்செகுக் கல்லா மதுகைத் தன்மையிற்
கள்ளி போகிய களரியம் பறந்தலை
வெள்ளிடைப் பொத்திய விளைவிற கீமத்
தொள்ளழற் பள்ளிப் பாயல் சேர்த்தி
ஞாங்கர் மாய்ந்தனள் மடந்தை
இன்னும் வாழ்வ லென்னிதன் பண்பே. [புறம் 245]

"My sorrow swelling knows no bounds, but hate not strength to free me from this loathed life ! I bore her forth to burning ground, where Kalli * spreads ; there on the fire
I saw the fuel heaped ; I laid her on her couch
Of rising flame ! The innocent in soul hath died,
And left me here ! What charm hath life henceforth for me ?

These kings not unfrequently renounced their kingdoms and became ascetics. This is referred to in the two following songs. (P.N.N., 251, 252.)

THE KING HAS RENOUNCED HIS KINGDOM AND BECOME AN ASCETIC.

ஓவத் தன்ன விடனுடை வரைப்பிற்
பாவை யன்ன குறுந்தொடி மகளிர்
இழைநிலை நெகிழ்த்த மள்ளற் கண்டிகும்
கழைக்க ணெடுவரை யருவி யாடிக்
கான யானை தந்த விறகிற்
கடுந்தெறற் செந்தீ வேட்டுப்
புறந்தாழ் புரிசடை புலர்த்து வோனே. [புறம் 251]

"We saw erewhile the king within his pictured home
weaving gay garlands for the happy mountain maids ;
but now, upon the mountains in the *bambu* brake
amid the waterfalls, he dwells ; and lights his fire

* A kind of Euphorbium, abundant in desolate places.

with wood * the elephants have brought
and dries his tangled hair."

கறங்குவெள் ளருவி யேற்றலி னிறம்பெயர்ந்து
தில்லை யன்ன புல்லென் சடையோடு
அள்ளிலைத் தாளி கொய்யு மோனே
இல்வழங்கு மடமயில் பிணிக்கும்
சொல்வலை வேட்டுவ னாயினன் முன்னே. [புறம் 252]

"Amid the roaring cataracts he makes his way;
his hue is changed; his locks are brown as *Tillai* buds.
He plucks the creepers' sacred flowers.† But erst he wove
the net of courtly words that took the simple hearts
of the fair maidens in his stately palace-home."

The following lyric (P.N.N., 243), which strikes a chord that will vibrate in many hearts, was *Todi-talai Vilu-Tandinar*, one of the bards of the ancient Madura College.

இனிநினைந் திரக்க மாகின்று திணிமணற்
செய்வுறு பாவைக்குக் கொய்பூத் தைஇத்
தண்கய மாடு மகளிரொடு கைபிணைந்து
தழுவுவழித் தழீஇத் தூங்குவழித் தூங்கி
மறையென லறியா மாயமி லாயமொ
டுயர்சினை மருதத் துறையுறத் தாழ்ந்து
நீர்நணிப் படிகோ டேறிச் சீர்மிகக்
கரையவர் மருளத் திரையகம் பிதிர
நெடுநீர்க் குட்டத்துத் துடுமெனப் பாய்ந்து
குளித்துமணற் கொண்ட கல்லா விளமை
அளிதோ தானே யாண்டுண்டு கொல்லோ
தொடித்தலை விழுத்தண் டூன்றி நடுக்குற்
றிருமிடை மிடைந்த சிலசொற்
பெருமூ தாளரே மாகிய வெமக்கே. [புறம் 243]

"I muse of YOUTH! the tender sadness still
returns! In sport I moulded shapes of river sand,
plucked flowers to wreathe around the mimic forms:
in the cool tank I bathed hand linked in hand,

---

* Wild elephants serve the holy ascetic.

† The *Tali*, a convolvulus, sacred to Siva. (See Tiruvacagam xix. 36).

with little maidens, dancing as they danced!
A band of innocents, we knew no guile.
I plunged beneath th' o'erspreading myrtle's shade,
where trees that wafted fragrance lined the shore;
then climbed the branch that overhung the stream
while those upon the bank stood wondering;
I threw the waters round, and headlong plunged
dived deep beneath the stream, and rose,
my hands filled with the sand that lay beneath!
Such was my youth unlesson'd. 'Tis too sad!
Those days of youth, ah! whither have they fled?
I now with trembling hands, grasping my staff,
panting for breath, gasp few and feeble words.
And I am worn and OLD!"

[Cf. Naladiyar, ch. ii.]

The young prince to whom this was sung was *Perum C'attanar* of *Ollai-ur*, whose dirge (P.N.N., 242,) was sung by Nallathanar. It is as follows:—

இளையோர் சூடார் வளையோர் கொய்யார்
நல்லியாழ் மருப்பின் மெல்ல வாங்கிப்
பாணன் சூடான் பாடினி யணியாள்
ஆண்மை தோன்ற வாடவர்க் கடந்த
வல்வேற் சாத்தன் மாய்ந்த பின்றை
முல்லையும் பூத்தியோ வொல்லையூர் நாட்டே. [புறம் 242]

"The youths wear garlands bright no more;
the damsels gather flowers no more;
the bard puts wreaths around his lyre no more;
the songstress gay adorns herself no more!
Cattle is dead, who with his mighty spear
O'ercame and slew great heroes, triumphed so!
O jasmine, dost thou flourish still in land of Ollai-ur?"

பொதுவியற் படலம் 10-12

PADALAM X, XI, XII

MISCELLANEOUS

These three chapters form a kind of appendix, into which much has been thrown that belongs properly to the other great division of *Aga-porul.* There are however, a few verses that throw light upon the ancient history of the South. We have seen the warriors crowned with eight different wreaths. There are three flowers worn only by kings.

போந்தை

1. The Palmyra Wreath of the C'eran

கலவா மன்னர் கண்ணுறு ஞாட்பிற்
புலவேல் வானவன் பூப்புகழ்ந் தன்று.

குடையலர் காந்தள்தன் கொல்லிச் சுனைவாய்த்
தொடையவிழ் தண்குவளை சூடான்—புடைதிகழும்
தேரதிரப் பொங்கும் திருந்துவேல் வானவன்
போர்எதிரிற் போந்தையாம் பூ.

The C'era king, when he went forth to war, assumed wreath of the flowers of the palmyra-tree,* which, flourished most in the lands over which he then held sway.

VERSE 240

"By the gushing waters of the hill of Kolli,†
where the Kanthal ‡ spreads its leaves like a canopy,
the Vanavan $ crowns his brows with the cool blue lotus;
when he goes forth to war, his wreath is the palmyra-flower."

* *Borassus glabelliformis.*

† A range of hills in the Salem district, belonging to the C'era kingdom.

‡ *Gloriosa superba.*

$ The 'heavenly': an epithet of C'era kings.

வேம்பு

2. *The Margosa Wreath of the Pandiyan*: *Vembu*

விரும்பார் அமரிடை வெல்போர் வழுதி
சுரும்பார் முடிமிசைப் பூப்புகழ்ந் தன்று.

தொடியணிதோள் ஆடவர் தும்பை புனையக்
கொடியணிதேர் கூட்டணங்கும் போழ்தின்—முடியணியும்
காத்தல்சால் செங்கோற் கடுமான் நெடுவழுதி
ஏத்தல்சால் வேம்பின் இணர்.

The Pandiyan wears the Margosa* wreath when he goes forth to battle.

VERSE 241

"The great Valuthi, † the guardian just, the horseman swift,
who leads forth a valiant host of stout warriors with Tumbai,
when he goes out to fight, with bannered chariot dreaded by his foes,
crowns himself with the Vembu wreath, praised by all."

ஆர்

3. *The Atti* ‡ *Wreath of the Colan*

விறற்படை மறவர் வெஞ்சமம் காணின்
மறப்போர்ச் செம்பியன் மலைபூ உரைத்தன்று.

கொல்களி றூர்வர் கொலைமலி வாள்மறவர்
வெல்கழல் வீக்குவர் வேலிளையர்—மல்கும்
கலங்கல் ஒலிபுனற் காவிரி நாடன்
அலங்கல் அமரழுவத் தார்.

The *Atti* is the wreath worn in war 'by the Cembiyan.'

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* The *Nim, Vembu: Melia Azadirachia* (Lin.). In Portuguese Amargozeiia' and corrupted into Margosa. See my Naladiyar Lex. (*in l.c.*)

† An epithet of the Pandiyans 'shining'?

‡ *Atti Bauhinia racemosa*), called also *Ar*. It is worn by Siva.

VERSE 242

"The garland of the king of the land Kaveri's rushing flood, where
heroes go forth on elephants, wielding the murderous sword,
decked with the jewelled anklets, and brandishing their spears, is the *Atti*."

In Dr. Hultzsch's "Epigraphia Indica," vol. ix, Nos. 22, 23, 52, are given three Tamil inscriptions found at Kil-Muttugur (முத்தூற்றுக்கூற்றம்), in North Arcot, of which one records the death of a hero who fell while rescuing some cattle that had been lifted (தொழுக்கொள்ள மீட்டுப்பட்டான்). The stone bears the effigy of the hero in relief. Some of these fallen warriors have offerings by their side. So in P.N.N., 232, ascribed to Avvai, it is said:—

இல்லா கியரோ காலை மாலை
அல்லா கியர்யான் வாழு நாளே
நடுகற் பீலி சூட்டி நாரறி
சிறுகலத் தகுப்பவுங் கொள்வன் கொல்லோ
கோடுயர் பிறங்குமலை கெழீஇய
நாடுடன் கொடுப்பவுங் கொள்ளா தோனே. [புறம் 232]

"Let change of morn and eve for ever cease,
and all my days of earthly life be done! For, ah!
the stone stands there with feathers bright.
Will he accept libations poured—he wont to give
to all that asked—who now receives no gift bestowed?"

There are many songs in P.N.N., bearing upon the same subject, and the photographs we possess of those recovered stones would be the most appropriate illustration of these verses.

In chapter X there are several verses which speak of the honour due to departed heroes. Surviving comrades seek far and wide for a suitable stone to place over the hero's ashes; this stone is brought to the spot with great processions; it is then washed and consecrated; and finally inscribed with the hero's name and exploits.

கல் நடுதல்

10. The Setting up of the Stone

மாலை துயல மணியெறிந்து மட்டுகுத்துப்
பீலி அணிந்து பெயர்பொறித்து –வேலமருள்
ஆண்தக நின்ற அமர்வெய்யோற் காகென்று
காண்தக நாட்டினர் கல்.

VERSE 251

"While garlands wave, jewels tinkling sound and fragrant smoke goes up,
they pour forth libations of toddy, crown the stone with peacock-feathers, and inscribe it with their hero's name, adding;
'This is the memorial of him who thirsted for the fight, full of valour amid the hurling of the spears.' "

In some cases shrines were built, where the departed heroes were honoured. It would appear that while many widows died with their husbands, this was generally a kind of suicide, and not a formal *sati.* The *sati* was however, frequent, and in the P.N.N., Brahmans are spoken of as striving to hinder it, but in no case as prompting it. The life of the widow was depicted here as one of absolute asceticism, and to escape this many sought death.

We read (P.N.N. 246) of the Suttee (SATI), and this is hinted at in many of the verses.

The word Sati* is Sanskrit, and means a *virtuous woman*; but has been specialized to denote one who burns on the funeral pyre with her deceased husband. There is no word in Tamil equivalent to it, nor is the custom at all consonant to the feelings of the Tamil people. It was purely a Brahmanical idea. Yet there are evidences in the old Tamil

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*The Skt. word *Sakti* (in Tamil *Satti*) is the name of Sivan's 'energy' (see note 8 to life of Manikka Vacagar), or bride Umai is also called *Sati*, and hence the words are often confounded.

poetry that the widow felt herself a poor miserable outcast, and often sought relief in suicide. Many beautiful stanzas give utterance to this feeling. The tenderest affections of the human heart have often been perverted, and in this case the awful scenes of what in English we call the *suttee* had such an origin. Yet we must believe that in most cases the immolation was purely voluntary on the part of the victim —the result of over-exalted feeling. In the following verse the Brahmans and kindred of the despairing woman had attempted to dissuade her from the sacrifice; she replies to their urgent expostulations:—

P. N. N., 246

பல்சான் றீரே பல்சான் றீரே
செல்கெனச் சொல்லா தொழிகென விலக்கும்
பொல்லாச் சூழ்ச்சிப் பல்சான் றீரே
அணில்வரிக் கொடுங்காய் வாள்போழ்ந் திட்ட
காழ்போ னல்விளர் நறுநெய் தீண்டா
தடையிடைக் கிடந்த கைபிழி பிண்டம்
வெள்ளெட் சாந்தொடு புளிப்பெய் தட்ட
வேளை வெந்தை வல்சி யாகப்
பரற்பெய் பள்ளிப் பாயின்று வதியும்
உயவற் பெண்டிரே மல்லே மாதோ
பெருங்காட்டுப் பண்ணிய கருங்கோட் டீமம்
நுமக்கரி தாகுக தில்ல வெமக்கெம்
பெருந்தோட் கணவன் மாய்ந்தென வரும்பற
வள்ளித ழவிழ்ந்த தாமரை
நள்ளிரும் பொய்கையுந் தீயுமோ ரற்றே. [புறம் 246]

'O ye of wisdom full' O ye of wisdom full!!
Ye bid us not go forth to death; ye would restrain,
O ye of wisdom full! but evil is your counsel here!
We're not of those content to live forlorn,
and feed on bitter herbs here once they feasted royally.
We lie not on rough stones, who slept erewhile on sumptuous couch.
The pyre's black logs heaped up in burning ground
to you indeed seem terrible: to us,
since our mightly spouse is dead,

the waters of the pleasant lake where spreads
the lotus-flower, and the fierce fire are one?"

The queen supposed to utter these words was called *Perum Gopendu* (=great queen), and her husband was the renowned *Butha-Pandiyan* of Madura.

In P. N. N, 255, the widow has found her husband's body amid the slain on the now lonely battlefield.

ஐயோ வெனின்யான் புலிபஞ் சுவலே
அணைத்தனன் கொளினே யகன்மார் பெடுக்கவல்லேன்
என்போற் பெருவிதிர்ப் புறுக நின்னை
இன்னா துற்ற வறனில் கூற்றே
நிரைவளை முன்கை பற்றி
வரைநிழற் சேர்க நடத்திசிற் சிறிதே. [புறம் 255]

"If I should cry aloud for help I fear the tiger.
If I strive to bear him off, my strength fails me to lift his stalwart form.
May tremblings like my own afflict thee, pitiless death!
Were it not easy for thee to grasp my hand, and lead me to the shades?"

In P. N. N.,256, she appeals for burial with her lord:—

கலஞ்செய் கோவே கலஞ்செய் கோவே
அச்சுடைச் சாகாட் டாரம் பொருந்திய
சிறுவெண் பல்லி போலத் தன்னொடு
சுரம்பல வந்த வெமக்கு மருளி
வியன்மல ரகன்பொழி லீமத் தாழி
அகலி தாக வனைமோ
நனந்தலை மூதூர்க் கலஞ்செய் கோவே. [புறம் 256]

"O Potter, shaper of the Urn!
Like the little white lizard that sits
In the garland on the axle of the chariot,
Over many a desert plain I've come with him
Make the funeral urn large enough for me, too,
Maker of the urns for the old town's burning ground!"

In a quatrain (P. N. N., 284) the widow thus utters her lament:—

வருகதில் வல்லே வருகதில் வல்லெனா
வேந்துவிடு விழுத்தூ தாங்காங் கிசைப்ப
நூலரி மாலை சூடிக் காலின்
தமியன் வந்த மூதி லாளன்
அருஞ்சமந் தாங்கி முன்னின் றெறிந்த
ஒருகை யிரும்பிணைத் தெயிறு மிறையாகத்
திரிந்த வாய்வா டிருத்தாத்
தனக்கிரிந் தானைப் பெயர்ப்புற நகுமே. [புறம் 284]

"T is sad! when we were young, the little white water-lily as wreath we wore;
But now our spouse, who lived in wealth and power,
Is dead, and we drag on our painful days
Eating the bitter grain from that same lily flower."*

In P. N. N.. 249 is a picture of the surviving widow. The poor widow remembers the time—which seems but yesterday—when her royal spouse feasted many guests with rich dainties, and she enumerates especially the various kinds of rare fish taken from the royal ponds, for the banquet which she was wont to arrange; but now,

அடங்கிய கற்பி னாய்நுதன் மடந்தை
உயர்நிலை யுலக மவன்புக......வரி
நீருடு சுளகிற் சீறிட நீக்கி
அழுத லானாக் கண்ணள்
மெழுகு மாப்பிகண் கலுழ்நீ ரானே. [புறம் 249]

"The lady pure of heart, of radiant brow,
Since HE has gone—entered the heavenly home—
Sweeps a little spot free from ashes,
And washes it with thickly falling tears!"

She is placing in the burial-ground the offerings of food (Pindam) prescribed for the departed ones.

'The Sepulchral Urn' is the title of a chapter in Dr. Caldwell's "History of Tinnevelly," pp. 279-282. The subject of South Indian sepulchral urns is there discussed as

*The white water-lily yields a kind of bitter grain, which in times of mourning is eaten instead of rice.

far as the facts were then known. The learned author gives the Tamil word for 'urn' as Tali. It is so pronounced by rustics in Tinnevelly, but the real word is Tali (தாழி). He thinks that these as found in various parts of the country, are relics possibly of an antiquity higher than the Christian Era; and he states that "No relic, trace, or tradition of such a mode of sepulture has survived to the present day." But in the Pura-nanuru (p. 228), and in other places, these urns are mentioned as used in the burial of heroes and kings at a period certainly not earlier than the eighth century A. D.

A lyric addressed to the Chola king, Killi-Valavan, by Mudavanar of Aiyur ("the lame bard of Aiyur") is as follows:—

கலஞ்செய் கோவே கலஞ்செய் கோவே
இருடிணிந் தன்ன குரூஉத்திரட் பருஉப்புகை
அகலிரு விசும்பி னூன்றுஞ் சூளை
நனந்தலை மூதூர்க் கலஞ்செய் கோவே
அளியை நீயே யாங்கா குவைகொல்
நிலவரை சூட்டிய நீணெடுந் தானைப்
புலவர் புகழ்ந்த பொய்யா நல்லிசை
விரிகதிர் ஞாயிறு விசும்பிவர்ந் தன்ன
சேண்விளங்கு சிறப்பிற் செம்பியர் மருகன்
கொடி நுடங்கு யானை நெடுமா வளவன்
தேவ ருலக மெய்தின னாதலின்
அன்னோற் கவிக்குங் கண்ணகன் றாழி
வனைதல் வேட்டனை யாயி னெனையதூஉம்
இருநிலந் திகிரியாப் பெருமலை
மண்ணா வனைத லொல்லுமோ நினக்கே. [புறம் 228]

"O potter-chief!* maker of vessels!
Through whose furnace sends up thick clouds
Of smoke veiling the outspread heavens,
Who makest vessels for the wide extended ancient town!
Thou art to be pitied! What toil hath befallen thee!
The descendant of Chola kings,
Whose armies spread themselves to earth's utmost verge,—

*It is curious that the title Ko = 'king, chief,' belong also to potters.

Whom minstrels praise,—the truly glorious one,—
Whose glory shines afar,
As in the heavens the sun with resplendent ray'—
VALAVAN, the great, on the brows
Of whose warrior elephants bright banners wave,—
Hath gained the world of gods. And so
'T is thine to shape an urn, so vast
That it shall cover the remains of such an one.
But if thou would'st mould the needful urn.
The vast earth must be thy wheel,
And mighty Meru sufficeth not for earth to mould its form!"

The Bishop says that at the time when these urns were used, cremation must have been unknown, and burial the universal practice; but the two customs have ever existed side by side. The ancient inhabitants generally buried their dead, as will be seen by a careful study of Puraporul Venba; but Brahminical and Saivite usages were found side by side from very early times, throughout the South. It will be seen also by a reference to these two works (which are a mine of information regarding the ancient manners and customs of the southern lands), and from passages scattered through the other Tamil classics, that when heroes fell in battle they were often buried on the spot, and their effigies in stone placed over the grave. The same was often done when kings and other great men retired into some lonely region (generally specified as the 'North,') and died there. This is exemplified in the very touching histories of the king Ko-perum-Cholan and his devoted friends Pottiyar and Piciron. This illustrates Kural, ch. lxxviii, I.

என்னைமுன் நில்லன்மின் தெவ்விர் பலர்என்னை
முன்நின்று கல்நின் றவர். [குறள். 771.]

"Ye foes! stand not before my lord! for many a one
Who did my lord withstand now stands in stone!"

Here the learned commentator, Parimelalagar remarks that when heroes died on the field of battle, it was the custom

to place their effigies on the spot where they fell. These heroes often became tutelary divinities, or demons, and were worshipped with offerings of food and flowers.

In Pura-nanuru, song 218, the subject of worthy friendship is beautifully illustrated in connection with this topic. The renowned Ko-perum-cholan, who reigned in Uraiyur, renounced his kingdom, went 'to the north' (the banks of the Ganges?),* and died there. His most intimate friends, Pottiyar and Piciranthaiyar, who were not his subjects, shared his hermit cell, and all three after death were commemorated by stones placed side by side over their urns. The poet Kannaganar, visiting the spot, sang as follows:—

> பொன்னுந் துகிரு முத்து மன்னிய
> மாமலை பயந்த காமரு மணியும்
> இடைபடச் சேய வாயினுந் தொடைபுணர்ந்
> தருவிலை நன்கல மமைக்குங் காலை
> ஒருவழித் தோன்றியாங் கென்றுஞ் சான்றோர்
> சான்றோர் பால ராப
> சாலார் சாலார் பாலரா குபவே. [புறம் 218]

"Red gold, and coral, pearls, and rare
Gems the mighty mountains bare,—
Remote their homes in sea or mine.
If once the precious things combine
And men in costly shapes entwine,
Henceforth in blended beauty one they shine.
So worthy men with worthy side by side
Remain; the worthless with the worthless bide,"

The history of these three, as traced in P. N. N., is the favourite Tamil illustration of faithful freindships (See Pope's

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*வடக்கிருத்தல் and not வடக்குப்போதல். It means residing on the north of one's place and starving oneself to death. This is done as a penance when one suffers a great reverse as in the case above. See a learned article on the subject in Sen Tamil Vol. 8. No. 1. pp. 1 to 3.

kural, ch lxxix.) In Naladi also, ch. xxi-xxxiv, may exquisite thoughts on freindship are to be found.

Pura-Porul Venba-Malai
Ends.

Purananuru

[புறநானூறு]

கோப்பெருஞ் சோழன்

Ko-Perum C'olan

This Agaval is by a minstrel, known to us as Kaniyan or 'Singer' of the flowery hill, who was a court poet and friend of Ko-Perum C'olan of Uraiyur—a little, it may be, before the date of the Kural.

See Pura Nanuru, 67, 191, 192, 212.

ஞானிகள்*

[192]

யாதும் ஊரே ;—யாவரும் கேளிர் ;—
தீது நன்றும் பிறர்தர வாரா ;—
நோதலும் தணிதலும் அவற்றோ ரன்ன !—
சாதலும் புதுவ தன்றே ;—வாழ்தல்
இனிதென மகிழ்ந்தன்றும் இலமே :—முனிவின்
இன்னா தென்றலும் இலமே ;—மின்னொடு
வானந் தண்டுளி தலைஇ யானாது
கல்பொரு திரங்கு மல்லல் பேர்யாற்று
நீர்வழிப் படூஉம் புணைபோல் ஆருயிர்
முறைவழிப் படூஉம் என்பது திறவோர்
காட்சியிற் றெளிந்தனம் ;—ஆகலின் மாட்சியிற்
பெரியோரை வியத்தலும் இலமே ;
சிறியோரை இகழ்தல் அதனினும் இலமே!

—கணியன் பூங்குன்றன்

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*This was sent by Dr. Pope as a New Year's Greeting to all his friends in India in January 1906.

The Sages.

To us all towns are one, all men our kin.
  Life's good comes not form others' gift, nor ill,
Man's pains and pains' relief are from within.
  Death's no new thing ; nor do our bosoms thrill
When joyous life seems like a luscious draught.
  When grieved, we patient suffer ; for, we deem
This much - praised life of ours a fragile raft
  Borne down the waters of some mountain stream
That o'er huge boulders roaring seeks the plain
  Tho' storms with lightnings' flash from darken'd skies
Descend, the raft goes on as fates ordain.
  Thus have we seen in visions of the wise !—
We marvel not at greatness of the great ;
  Still less despise we men of low estate.

Comp. Kural, 397, Palamoli, 116.

பாண்டியன் நெடுஞ்செழியன்

The Pandiyan Nedum Celiyan.

In considering the kings and chieftains celebrated in ancient Tamil song, the first place must be given to this great king and hero,—the Pandiyan Nedum Celiyan, whose praises are sung also in the 'Ten Tamil Idylls.'* He is said to have gained a great victory in early life at a place called *Talai Alanganam*, where he defeated the C'era and C'ola kings, and seven other of the minor majesties of the south. He is lauded by four minstrels in this collection ; but the late lamented Sundaram Pillai Rai Bahadur, published articles in the 'Madras Christian College Magazine' (March and August 1891), in which, with an abstract of the lengthy poems in this king's honour (found in Pattu-Pattu), a summary of his history is given. Nothing could really

* This is the famous Pattu-Pattu, or ten songs. They are by different poets. In the paper on *Kabilar* an account of one of these is given : 'the highland song.'

illustrate the life and condition of ancient South India like a full and literal translation of all that has been sung in honour of this almost forgotten chief and warrior. It seems humiliating to record the fact that his name is found in no list of the Pandiyan rulers, and we are left to conjecture that it is but an epithet applied to him, while his real name has perished. 'Celiyan' means 'the Flourishing,' and is a title given to any of the Pandiyas, or Madura Kings; while 'Nedum' merely means 'tall' or 'great.' He said to have been a great friend of poets, though nothing of his own has been preserved save one small but beautiful lyric. (72). His generosity was greatly celebrated.

The following lyric is addressed to this king by a poet, of whom nothing is known except the two poems in this collection. The verses in a remarkable way illustrate the supreme importance to the people of South India of Irrigation Works, which the poet is most anxious to impress upon the youthful sovereign, who was more given, it may be, to the shedding of blood, than to the construction of works for the distribution of water to the fields of his subjects.

The vast importance of irrigation has been recognised by all rulers of South India, though their constant wars have often prevented their doing efficiently what they knew should be done. This piece is in Tamil a really magnificent bit of sage advice, expressed in highly poetical and forcible terms. The whole land was then as now divided into 'the good land' (*Nanjey*), or the alluvial soil along the banks of rivers and in the deltas, which could always be irrigated, provided the necessary reservoirs and anicuts were provided; and 'the poor land' (*Punjey*), which was solely dependent on rain. Very extensive irrigation works were carried out by the ancient kings of South India, who had at their disposal large treasures and an immense amount of forced labour; but the works in the delta of the Godavari and in the

districts through which the Kaviri and its tributaries flow, are unrivalled in any age of South Indian history. Wherever this is attended to, the Government will be successful in securing the happiness of the people, who will not be ungrateful to those that secure their temporal welfare. An old Indian almost grudges any expenditure on the part of the Government which does not aid in bringing out the wonderful resources of the land. The great remedy against famine is, and always has been, irrigation. Considered in this light, this old lyric possesses singular interest.

உண்டி கொடுத்தோர் உயிர் கொடுத்தோரே

[18]

முழங்கு முந்நீர் முழுவதும் வளைஇப்
பரந்துபட்ட வியன் ஞாலம்
தாளிற் றந்து தம்புகழ் நிறீஇ
ஒருதா மாகிய வுரவோ ரும்பல்
ஒன்றுபத் தடுக்கிய கோடிகடை யிரீஇய
பெருமைத் தாகநின் னாயு டானே
நீர்த்தாழ்ந்த குறுங்காஞ்சிப்
பூக்கதூஉ மினவாளை
நுண்ணாரற் பருவராற்
குரூஉக்கெடிற்ற குண்டகழி
வானுட்கும் வடிநீண்மதில்
மல்லன் மூதூர் வயவேந்தே
செல்லு முலகத்துச் செல்வம் வேண்டினும்
ஞாலங் காவலர் தோள்வலி முருக்கி
ஒருநீ யாகல் வேண்டினுஞ் சிறந்த
நல்லிசை நிறுத்தல் வேண்டினு மற்றதன்
தகுதி கேளினி மிகுதி யாள
நீரின் றமையா யாக்கைக் கெல்லாம்
உண்டி கொடுத்தோ ருயிர்கொடுத் தோரே
உண்டி முதற்றே யுணவின் பிண்டம்
உணவெனப் படுவது நிலத்தொடு நீரே
நீரு நிலனும் புணரி யோரீண்
டுடம்பு முயிரும் படைத்திசி னோரே
வித்திவா னோக்கும் புன்புலங் கண்ணகன்

வைப்பிற் றாயினு நண்ணி யாளும்
இறைவன் றட்குத வாதே யதனால்
அடுபோர்ச் செழிய விகழாது வல்லே
நிலனெளி மருங்கி னீர்நிலை பெருகத்
தட்டோ ரம்ம விவட்டட் டோரே
தள்ளா தோரிவட் டள்ளா தோரே.

—குடபுலவியனார்

On the Necessity of irrigation.

'Descendent of the Mighty Ones, who put beneath their feet
The wide extended earth, girt by the roaring sea.
Ten times a hundred million years
Prolonged be thy mighty sway !
Thou art the victor king of the city rich,
Whose moat is filled with both small and great,
Whose mighty guarded wall to heaven uplifts itself !
Dost Thou desire the wealth of all this world
And of the worlds beyond :
Or wish to overcome all Kings
And hold them 'neath Thy sway ;
Or seek for glory and good renown ?
Then Mighty Ruler, listen to my song,
Who give to frames of men the food
They need, these give them life ;—
For food sustains man's mortal frame.
But food is earth with water blent :
So those who join the water to the earth
Build up the body, and supply its life.
Men in less happy lands sow seed, and watch to skies for rain,
But this can ne'er supply the wants of kingdom and of king.
Therefore, O C'eliyan, great in war, despise this not;
Increase the reservoirs for water made
Who bind the water, and supply to fields
Their measured flow, these bind
The earth to them. The fame of others passes swift away.

———

சோழன் குளமுற்றத்துத் துஞ்சிய கிள்ளிவளவன்

The Colon King, Killi-Valavan who fell at Kula-murram.

This king is celebrated in eighteen songs, by ten different minstrels. One lyric (173) is ascribed to the king himself. *Killi* was the family name of a renowned dynasty of *Cola kings*, eight of whom are mentioned in this collection. Its derivation is doubtful, but it may mean a digger, and is in fact a synonym of *Pallava.*[1] He is said to have conquered the C'era kingdom and taken Karur, its then capital; and fell in battle at the village of *Kula-murram* ('Pavilion by the Tank').[2] This portion of the anthology is of peculiar interest to Tamil scholars.

The first song, relating to *Killi-Valavan* here is by *Alattur-Kilar* (Lord of the Manor of Banyan-tree Town'), and is every way very noteworthy.

செய்தி கொன்றோர்க்கு உய்தி இல்

[34]

ஆன்முலை யறுத்த வறனி லோர்க்கும்
மாணிழை மகளிர் கருச்சிதைத் தோர்க்கும்
பார்ப்பார்த் தப்பிய கொடுமை யோர்க்கும்
வழுவாய் மருங்கிற் கழுவாயு முளவென
நிலம்புடை பெயர்வ தாயினு மொருவன்
செய்தி கொன்றோர்க் குய்தி யில்லென
அறம்பா டிற்றே யாயிழை கணவ
காலை யந்தியு மாலை யந்தியும்
புறவுக் கருவன்ன புன்புல வரகின்
பாற்பெய் புன்கந் தேனொடு மயக்கிக்
குறுமுயற் கொழுஞ்சூடு கிழித்த வொக்கலொ
டிரத்தி நீடிய வகன்றலை மன்றத்துக்
கரப்பி லுள்ளமொடு வேண்டுமொழி பயிற்றி
அமலைக் கொழுஞ்சோ றார்ந்த பாணர்க்

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1. The Tamil root *pal=kil.*
2. Called also *Kura-palli.* See 373.

ககலாச் செல்வ முழுவதுஞ் செய்தோன்
எங்கோன் வளவன் வாழ்க வென்றுநின்
பீடுகெழு நோன்றாள் பாடே னாயிற்
படுபறி யலனே பல்கதிர்ச் செல்வன்
யானோ தஞ்சம் பெருமவிவ் வுலகத்துச்
சான்றோர் செய்த நன்றுண் டாயின்
இமயத் தீண்டி யின்குரல் பயிற்றிக்
கொண்டன் மாமழை பொழிந்த
நுண்பஃ றுளியினும் வாழிய பலவே.

—ஆலத்தூர் கிழார்

Ingratitude the only unpardonable Sin

'Whatever sins men do in hurting kine,—
All heinous crimes,[1] and wrongs to Brahmans wrought,—
Where fault is pondered and confess't, a place
May yet be found to wash away the stain.
But they, who benefit conferred have slain
Can ne'er escape,'—so virtue's self hath sung.
O spouse of her with jewels rare adorned!
Each morn and eve at twilight hour, in song,—
With grain and flesh and milk and honey fed,—
I and my clan say, 'long live our king great Valavan!'
In spacious court beneath the Itti's[2] shade,
The needful words of kindly courtesy,
He speaks with heart that knows no hidden guile,
And gives the minstrels feast of pure white rice,
Then lasting store of various wealth bestows!
If thus I sing not aye thy glorious might,
The lord of many rays shall know no rise.
Great king! I'm poor; but if the good
In this world done by men of worth endures,[3]

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[1]In the original: 'cutting the udder of kine, and procuring abortion.' Comp. Tiru-vilai-adal, 26; Taylor's *Oriental Hist. MSS.* p. 75.

[2]The Itti or Iratti—a species of fig-tree.

[3]The idea that any deeds, good or bad, once done, have thence-forth a real existence, and are among the abiding, active, ever operative energies of the universe, is of primary importance. (See my *Nal.* pp. 66-69; and *Kural*, Ch. XXXVIII.)

Oh, may'st thou joyous live more years
Than are the rain drops, shed by sweet-voiced[1] clouds
That come wind-wafted from Himalaya's height.'

Here the first six lines are an avowed quotation from, and amplification of *Tiruvalluvar's* fine couplet :[2]

Who every good have killed, may ruin flee ;
Who benefit has slain, shall ne'er 'scape free.[3]

This king, who (we may infer) possessed considerable ability, was both brave and generous ; but somewhat head-strong. Hence a great deal of good advice is, in a very tactful way, offered to him by the minstrels ; and he seems to have been all the better for it. The following lines are worth noting. They are by the same sweet singer.

செவியறிவுறூஉ

[35]

'நளியிரு முந்நீ ரேணி யாக
வளியிடை வழங்கா வானஞ் சூடிய
மண்டிணி கிடக்கைத் தண்டமிழ்க் கிழவர்
முரசுமுழங்கு தானை மூவ ருள்ளும்
அரசெனப் படுவது நினதே பெரும
அலங்குகதிர்க் கனலி நால்வயிற் றோன்றினும்
இலங்குகதிர் வெள்ளி தென்புலம் படரினும்
அந்தண் காவிரி வந்துகவர் பூட்டத்
தோடுகொள் வேலின் றோற்றம் போல
ஆடுகட் கரும்பின் வெண்பூ நுடங்கும்
நாடெனப் படுவது நினதே யத்தை, ஆங்க

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[1] The voice of the rain-cloud is peculiarly the sweet promise of plenty to lands depending solely on the monsoon.

[2] Book I., 'on Virtue,' Ch. XI. 110.

[3] This establishes the priority of the K. to the P.N.N.—Comp. also Naladiyar, III (and note there), 344, 356, 357 (and esp. lex. to Nal. under root *kol*).

நாடுகெழு செல்வத்துப் பீடுகெழு வேந்தே
நினவ கூறுவ லெனவ கேண்மதி
அறம்புரிந் தன்ன செங்கோ னாட்டத்து
முறைவேண்டு பொழுதிற் பதனெளி யோரீண்
டுறைவேண்டு பொழுதிற் பெயல்பெற் றோரே
ஞாயிறு சுமந்த கோடுதிரள் கொண்மூ
மாக விசும்பி னடுவுநின் றாங்குக்
கண்பொர விளங்குநின் விண்பொரு வியன்குடை
வெயின்மறைக் கொண்டன்றோ வன்றே வருந்திய
குடிமறைப் பதுவே கூர்வேல் வளவ
வெளிற்றுப்பனந் துணியின் வீற்றுவீற்றுக் கிடப்பக்
களிற்றுக்கணம் பொருத கண்ணகன் பறந்தலை
வருபடை தாங்கிப் பெயர்புறத் தார்த்துப்
பொருபடை தரூஉங் கொற்றமு முழுபடை
ஊன்றுசான் மருங்கி னீன்றதன் பயனே
மாரி பொய்ப்பினும் வாரி குன்றினும்
இயற்கை யல்லன செயற்கையிற் றோன்றினும்
காவலர்ப் பழிக்குமிக் கண்ணகன் ஞாலம்
அதுநற் கறிந்தனை யாயி னீயும்
நொதும லாளர் பொதுமொழி கொள்ளாது
பகடுபுறந் தருநர் பார மோம்பிக்
குடிபுறந் தருகுவை யாயினின்
அடிபுறந் தருகுவ ரடங்கா தோரே.

—வெள்ளைக்குடிநாகனார்

Good Counsel for the young King
The Tamil Lands

**The pleasant Tamil lands possess
For boundary the ocean wide.
The heaven, where tempests loud sway not,
Upon their brow rests as a crown.
Fertile the soil they till, and wide.
Three kings with mighty hosts this land
Divide; but of the three, whose drums
Sound for the battle's angry strife,
Thou art the chief, O mighty one!
Though the resplendent sun in diverse quarters rise;
And though the silvery planet to the south decline;
Thy land shall flourish, where through channels deep,**

Kaveri flows with bright refreshing stream,
Along whose banks the sweet cane's white flowers wave
Like pennon'd spears uprising from the plain,
Let me speak out to this rich country's king!
Be easy of access at a fitting time, as though
The lord of justice sat to hear, and right decree.
Such kings have rain on their dominions at their will!
The clouds thick gather round the sun, and rest
In vault of heaven;—So let thy canopy
Of state challenge the sky, and spread around
Not gloom, but peaceful shade! Let all thy victories
Be the toiling ploughman's gain!
Kings get the blame, whether rains fail, or copious flow,
And lack the praise; such is the usage of the world.
If thou hast marked and known this well,
Reject the wily counsels of malicious men.
Lighten the load of those who till the soil.
The dwellers in the land protect. If thou do this
Thy stubborn foes shall lowly bend beneath thy feet,

At one time this king besieged *Karur*, the C'eran's capital. The bard of *Alattur* ('Fig-tree Town') thus intercedes for the sorely straitened people.

நாணுத்தக வுடைத்தே

[36]

அடுநை யாயினும் விடுநை யாயினும்
நீயளந் தறிதிநின் புரைமை வார்கோல்
செறியரிச் சிலம்பிற் குறுந்தொடி மகளிர்
பொலஞ்செய் கழங்கிற் றெற்றி யாடும்
தண்ணான் பொருநை வெண்மணல் சிதையக்
கருங்கைக் கொல்ல னரஞ்செ யவ்வாய்
நெடுங்கை நவியம் பாய்தலி னிலையழிந்து
வீகமழ் நெடுஞ்சினை புலம்பக் காவுதோறும்
கடிமரந் தடியு மோசை தன்னூர்
நெடுமதில் வரைப்பிற் கடிமனை யியம்ப
ஆங்கினி திருந்த வேந்தனொ டீங்குநின்

சிலைத்தார் முரசங் கறங்க
மலைத்தனை யென்பது நாணுத்தக வுடைத்தே
—ஆலத்தூர் கிழார்

Tactful Intercession for Weak Adversaries

Whether thou wilt destroy or wilt release,
'Tis thine to ponder which befits thy name !—
The axe, bright-edged, long-handled, sharp by file
Of smith black-handed, smites the fragrant boughs
Of guardian trees in every park around ;
They crashing fall and scatter the white sands
Of *An-porunthan's* river cool, where sport
The damsels with their golden bracelets gay ;
Thro' town, and all the guarded hall are echoes heard,
And yet their king in pleasure slumbers on !
With bow-armed host, thy war-drum sounding loud,
'Twill shame thee to have fought such feeble foes !

The intercession was unsuccessful ; the fair city fell.

The following is by *Nappacalaiyar of Marokkam*,'[1] seven of whose are songs in this anthology. His grief for its destruction is evident.

கருர்

[37]

நஞ்சுடை வாலெயிற் றைந்தலை சுமந்த
வேக வெந்திற னாகம் புக்கென
விசும்புதீப் பிறப்பத் திருகிப் பசுங்கொடிப்
பெருமலை விடரகத் துருமெறிந் தாங்குப்
புள்ளுறு புன்கண் டீர்த்த வெள்வேற்
சினங்கெழு தானைச் செம்பியன் மருக
கராஅங் கலித்த குண்டுகண் ணகழி
இடங்கருங் குட்டத் துடன்றொக் கோடி
யாமங் கொள்பவர் சுடர்நிழற் கதூஉம்
கடுமுரண் முதலைய நெடுநீ ரிலஞ்சிச்

1. A small district near the ancient Korkai.

செம்புறழ் புரிசைச் செம்மன் மூதூர்
வம்பணி யானை வேந்தகத் துண்மையின்
நல்ல வென்னாது சிதைத்தல்
வல்லைய னெடுந்தகை செருவத் தானே.

—மாறோக்கத்து நப்பசலையார்

Karur

Thou scion of the Cola Lord who saved
The dove from woe,—Chief of the wrathful hosts,
Armed with the gleaming darts that ruin work,
As when a fiery dragon, angry, fierce, —
Bearing five heads, with gleaming poisonous tooth,
Has enter'd cavern vast mountain, where
The golden creepers twine; fire from the sky
That writhes forth issues, and hot thunderbolt;—
Thou saw'st the lordly city old, whose king
Was circled round by girded elephants,
There in dark deep moat the alligators congregate,
In the wide waters of the guarded lake
Are crocodiles that fierce in fight
Dart forth to catch the shadows cast
By gleam of watchman's torch at midnight hour
Its walls like burnish'd copper shone.
This seemed not fair to thee: Thou didst destroy,
For thou in wasting war art mighty, glorious king!

Here is a bit of adroit but somewhat gross flattery by *Mulam Kilar of Avur*:—

நின்னு டுள்ளுவர் பரிசிலர்

[38]

வரைபுரையு மழகளிற்றின்மிசை
வான்றுடைக்கும் வகையபோல
விரவுருவின கொடிநுடங்கும்
வியன்றானை விறல்வேந்தே
நீ, உடன்றுநோக்கும்வா யெரிதவழ
நீ, நயந்து நோக்கும்வாய் பொன்பூப்பச்
செஞ்ஞாயிற்று நிலவுவேண்டினும்
வெண்டிங்களுள் வெயில்வேண்டினும்

வேண்டியது விளைக்கு மாற்றலை யாதலின்
நின்னிழற் பிறந்து நின்னிழல் வளர்ந்த
எம்மள வெவனோ மற்றே யின்னிலைப்
பொலம்பூங் காவி னன்னாட் டோரும்
செய்வினை மருங்கி னெய்த லல்லதை
உடையோ ரீதலு மில்லோ ரிரத்தலும்
கடவ தன்மையிற் கையற வுடைத்தென
ஆண்டுச்செய் நுகர்ச்சி யீண்டுங் கூடலின்
நின்னு டுள்ளுவர் பரிசிலர்
ஒன்னார் தேஎத்து நின்னுடைத் தெனவே.

—ஆவூர் மூலங்கிழார்

The C'ola-land preferred to Swarga

O mighty king, lord of the wide array
Whose wavy banners multiform,
By youthful hill-like elephants borne on,
Seem as the very heaven they swept!
Fire devastates the place on which thou frown'st!
Where thy favouring glance alights gold gleams!
Wer't thou to wish for moon-beams from the sun,
Or sunny radiance from the pallid moon,
Power hast thou to perform thy will!
Wherefore, since we were born and brought up, 'neath thy shade.
What must the goal of our fond aspirations be?
Thus, even in the regions of thy foes,
Do suppliants think upon thy land,—
Since it is thine,—and say,
They who dwell within the blest domains, great Indra's paradise,
In whose soft glades grows golden fruit, their bliss,
Enjoy the fruit of good deeds, and cease from works
Of charity,—*they from their labours rest*;
Nor there are found the rich who give, or poor who ask.
That were no home for us! But all its joys
Are found here *in the Cola-land.*[1]

1. Valavan is Indra; and his land is Paradise, which, however, it excels; since its king still bestows charitable benefactions.

வளவன் புகழ்

[39]

புறவி னல்லல் சொல்லிய கறையடி
யானை வான்மருப் பெறிந்த வெண்கடைக்
கோனிறை துலாஅம் புக்கோன் மருக
ஈதனின் புகழு மன்றே சார்தல்
ஒன்னா ருட்குந் துன்னருங் கடுந்திறல்
தூங்கெயி லெறிந்தநின் னூங்கணோர் நினைப்பின்
அடுதனின் புகழு மன்றே கெடுவின்று
மறங்கெழு சோழ ருறந்தை யவையத்
தறநின்று நிலையிற் றாகலி னதனால்
முறைமைநின் புகழு மன்றே மறமிக்
கெழுசமங் கடந்த வெழுவுறழ் திணிதோட்
கண்ணார் கண்ணிக் கலிமான் வளவ
யாங்கன மொழிகோ யானே யோங்கிய
வரையளந் தறியாப் பொன்படு நெடுங்கோட்
டிமயஞ் சூட்டிய வேம விற்பொறி
மாண்வினை நெடுந்தேர் வானவன் றொலைய
வாடா வஞ்சி வாட்டுநின்
பீடுகெழு நோன்றாள் பாடுங் காலே.

—மாறோக்கத்து நப்பசலையார்

This is a panegyric by *Nappacalaiyar of Marokkam* :—
Valavan's Praise

Descendant of him who to save a dove from grief did'st enter the weighing scale, whose beam was tipped with the carved white tusk of elephant with ponderous foot! Giving in grace was born with thee: and is not thy peculiar praise.

And, when one ponders how thy sires of old destroyed the mighty 'fort suspended in the sky'[1] which foes dreaded to approach,—to slay thy foes is not thy peculiar praise;

---

1. Muir, IV p. 223. This attribution to Valavan's ancestor of this feat seems to imply the descent of the king from Mahadeva. This story is different from the Tirupura Samhara —J.M.N.]

And since the council of *Uraiyur*, impregnable city of the valiant C'olar, is the abode of Equity;—Justice is not thy peculiar praise!

O Valavan, swift horseman, whose stout arms are like fortress bars, whose wreath fills every eye, how then shall I sing thy praises?

How shall I tell of thy glorious prowess that withered the fadeless Vanji, destroying the C'eran king with chariot huge of cunning work, who planted his guarded bow-banner on the long gold tipped peaks of Imayam, whose bounds none measure?[1]

At *Chezarla* in the Karnul district there is a temple dedicated to *Kapalesvaran* (the 'Dove Lord,'—an epithet of Sivan). The legend connected with this shrine is briefly as follows:—

"King Sivi, who came from Kashmir, resolved to perform 100 (yaga) sacrifices by which he hoped to gain the realm of Brahma. The three Sivan, Vishnu and Brahma, resolved to interrupt the sacrifice and prevent this; and accordingly Vishnu assumed the form of a dove which Sivan as a hunter pursued with his bows and arrows until it took refuge with Sivi, who took it to his bosom, and refused to give it up to the hungry sportsman. At length it was agreed that he should be permitted to ransom the dove by giving an equal weight of his own flesh. The bird was placed in one scale, and Sivi threw portions of his own body into the other; but the disguised gods prevented the scale from turning, till the king, strong in his heroic self-sacrificing love, cut his own body in halves and threw one into the scale. The gods, overcome by this self-devotion, now assumed their proper shapes, and Sivan offered the king a new and more beautiful

1. This refers to the legend of King Sivi. See a paper in *Madras Government Records* (*Archaeology*), dated April 30th 1899, by A. Rea, Esq.

body, and to make him an emperor. He declined all earthly gifts, asking only the bliss of Kailasa for himself and his people." Such was the ancestor assigned by the poet to his patron (39, 43, 46)![1]

The next by *Mulam Kilar of Avur* refers to *the destruction of Karur*, and is a delicate Lyric warning the youthful conqueror against arrogance.

இன்று கண்டாங்குக் காண்குவம்

[40]

நீயே, பிறரோம்புறு மறமன்னெயில்
ஓம்பாது கடந்தட்டவர்
முடிபுனைந்த பசும்பொன்னின்
அடிபொலியக் கழறைஇய
வல்லாளனை வயவேந்தே
யாமேநின், இகழ்பாடுவோ ரெருத்தடங்கப்
புகழ்பாடுவோர் பொலிவுதோன்ற
இன்று கண்டாங்குக் காண்குவ மென்றும்
இன்சொலெண் பதத்தை யாகுமதி பெரும
ஒருபிடி படியுஞ் சீறிடம்
எழுகளிறு புரக்கு நாடுகிழ வோயே.

—ஆவூர் மூலங்கிழார்

We may ever see, as now

Thou art the mighty one, who sparing not the guarded fort broke thro' and slew its king and made the yellow gold erewhile his crown anklets to grace, hero! thy conquering foot.

Thy land maintains seven lordly elephants in tiny spot where a little one might lie![2]

1. The outlines of this story are found in a Buddhist *Jataka*. See Fausboll, Vol. III. pp. 224-227.—It is given in the *Mahabarata*, *Vanaparvan*, 13275, etc. And here it is mentioned as connected with an ancestor of a C'ola king. To extract history from such sources is impossible. [The C'ola is reputed as the descendant of the solar line. Hence the reference.—J.M.N.]

2. i.e., is amazingly fertile.

That we may ever see, as now, the necks of thy despisers bend, and those who laud thee raise their heads, be thou, great king! pleasant of speech, and easy of access.[1]

This is by *Kovur Kilar*, a sweet singer and friend of many kings. No less than 15 of his compositions are in this collection. Of these, No. 47, *'The Intercession,'* addressed to another chief, is most noteworthy.

போரின் கொடுமை

[41]

காலனும் காலம் பார்க்கும் பாராது
வேலீண்டு தானை விழுமியோர் தொலைய
வேண்டிடத் தடூஉம் வெல்போர் வேந்தே
திசையிரு நான்கு முற்க முற்கவும்
பெருமரத், திலையி னெடுங்கோடு வற்றல் பற்றவும்
வெங்கதிர்க் கனலி துற்றவும் பிறவும்
அஞ்சுவரத் தகுந புள்ளுக்குர லியம்பவும்
எயிறுநிலத்து வீழவு மெண்ணெ யாடவும்
களிறுமேல் கொள்ளவுங் காழக நீப்பவும்
வெள்ளி நோன்படை கட்டிலொடு கவிழவும்
கனவி னரியன காணா நனவிற்
செருச்செய் முன்பநின் வருதிற னோக்கி
மையல் கொண்ட வேமமி லிருக்கையர்
புதல்வர் பூங்கண் முத்தி மனையோட்
கெவ்வங் கரக்கும் பைதன் மாக்களொடு
பெருங்கலக் குற்றன்றாற் றானே காற்றோ
டெரிநிகழ்ந் தன்ன செலவிற்
செருமிகு வளவநிற் சினைஇயோர் நாடே.

—கோவூர்கிழார்

'The Terrors of Invasion'

E'en death must bide his time. You choose your own,
O king, and slay whene'er and wheresoe'er
It pleases you so fall the mighty lords of spearman-hosts!
At all eight points the fiery meteors fall away;

---

1. See Kural, 525, 548, 565.

From lofty trees the leafless branches droop ;
On every side fierce meteor-suns blaze forth :
Voices of evil-omened birds are heard ;
Teeth fall to earth ; oil drips upon men's heads :
The wild boar rushes forth ; garments fall to earth ;
Bright weapons with their stands are overturn'd ;
Things rarely seen in dreams, never in waking hours,
O valiant warrior, wait upon thy warlike path !
When rumour of thy dreaded coming spreads,
Dwellers in town unguarded, panic struck,
Kiss their children's flowerlike eyes, and haste
To hide their boding sorrows from their wives ;
And all the people frighted flee.
O Valavan, thou hero in the strife,
Thy march is like the fire before the mighty wind !
So fares the land that hath provoked thy wrath.

Nine portents alarm the people whose lands are invaded. These are the evil omens still dreaded in India.

The following is by *Idaikadanar* (= 'he of the herdsman's forest land') :—

அடுபோரண்ணல்

[42]

ஆனா வீகை யடுபோ ரண்ணனின்
யானையு மலையிற் றோன்றும் பெருமநின்
தானையுங் கடலென முழங்குங் கூர்நுனை
வேலு மின்னின் விளங்கு முலகத்
தரைசுதலை பனிக்கு மாற்றலை யாதலிற்
புரைதீர்ந் தன்றது புதுவதோ வன்றே
தண்புனற் பூச லல்லது நொந்து
களைக வாழி வளவ வென்றுநின்
முனைதரு பூசல் கனவினு மறியாது
புலிபுறங் காக்குங் குருளை போல
மெலிவில் செங்கோ னீபுறங் காப்பப்
பெருவிறல் யாணர்த் தாகி யரிநர்
கீழ்மடைக் கொண்ட வாளையு முழவர்

படைமிளிர்ந் திட்ட யாமையு மறைநர்
கரும்பிற் கொண்ட தேனும் பெருந்துறை
நீர்தரு மகளிர் குற்ற குவளையும்
வன்புலக் கேளிர்க்கு வருவிருந் தயரும்
மென்புல வைப்பி னன்னாட்டுப் பொருந
மலையி னிழிந்து மாக்கட னோக்கி
நிலவரை யிழிதரும் பல்யாறு போலப்
புலவ ரெல்லா நின்னோக் கினரே
நீயே, மருந்தில் கணிச்சி வருந்த வட்டித்துக்
கூற்றுவெகுண் டன்ன முன்பொடு
மாற்றிரு வேந்தர் மண்ணோக் கினையே.

—இடைக்காடனார்

The Warrior-king

Insatiate giver ! Lord of murderous war !
Thine elephant looms like a lofty hill ;
Thy warring hosts roar like the billowy sea ;
Thy pointed spear gleams like the lightning's sheen ;
Thus art thou cause of trembling to earth's kings.
No blame to thee, 'tis thine ancestral way !
As tiger guards its whelps thou guardest us,
Safe 'neath thy sceptre just, thou Lord of festive land.
Whose homesteads flourish mid the genial soil.
The reapers from the border-sluices draw rare fish ;
The ploughmen turtles in the furrows find ;
The cutters of the cane rich honey bring ;
The maidens at the fountains lilies cull ;
To feast their kinsfolk from less favour'd fields.
Like many rivers rushing from the hill
From far converging towards the mighty deep
The tuneful bards all turn their eyes to thee.
Thou smit'st with axe whose blows no healing know,
Thine eyes regard the lands of hostile kings
With wrath, as though death's self were raging there !

———

A chieftain called *Malayaman* (probably the same that goes by the name of *Kari*—see 121, etc.) fell under Killi-Valavan's displeasure, and in some way the little sons of the

vassal fell into his hands. These he ordered to be killed by having their heads crushed by an elephant to whose tread they were to be exposed,—a cruel, but not uncommon, punishment in S. India in those days.[1] The poet *Kovur-Kilar* saved them by his intercession (46), nor was this his only successful advocacy. (See 45, 47)

புன்றலைச்சிறார்

[46]

நீயே, புறவி னல்ல லன்றியும் பிறவும்
இடுக்கண் பலவும் விடுத்தோன் மருகனை
இவரே, புலனுழு துண்மார் புன்க ணஞ்சித்
தமதுபகுத் துண்ணுந் தண்ணிழல் வாழ்நர்
களிறுகண் டழூஉ மழா அன் மறந்த
புன்றலைச் சிறாஅர் மன்றுமருண்டு நோக்கி
விருந்திற் புன்கணோ வுடையர்
கேட்டனை யாயினீ வேட்டது செய்ம்மே.

—கோவூர்கிழார்

Little innocents

Thou art of the royal line of him who saved the dove from affliction and many others.
These are children of the race that protects the learned from want, who share their food with the hungry, and under whose fostering care men lead happy lives.
See these little innocents, how first they stood fearing the sight of thine elephants; then, forgetting that, were daunted by the aspect of thy hall; and now stand trembling with troubles ever new!
Hear me, and then follow the promptings of thine own desire!

They were released.

———

1. The victim was buried in the earth, the head only protruding and an elephant driven over the spot.

I now give a specimen of the class of songs called *Arrupadai*, or introduction of a suppliant to a generous patron. The bard is supposed to meet the mendicant in the vicinity of the palace, and encourages him to press on.

நெடுங்கடை நிற்றலுமிலையே

[69]

கையது கடனிறை யாழே மெய்யது
புரவல ரின்மையிற் பசியே யரையது
வேற்றிழை நுழைந்த வேர்நனை சிதாஅர்
ஓம்பி யுடுத்த வுயவற் பாண
பூட்கை யில்லோன் யாக்கை போலப்
பெரும்புல் லென்ற விரும்பே ரொக்கலை
வையக முழுதுடன் வளைஇப் பையென
என்னை வினவுதி யாயின் மன்னர்
அடுகளி றுயவுங் கொடிகொள் பாசறைக்
குருதிப் பரப்பிற் கோட்டுமா தொலைச்சிப்
புலாக்களஞ் செய்த கலாஅத் தானையன்
பிறங்குநிலை மாடத் துறந்தை யோனே
பொருநர்க் கோக்கிய வேல னொருநிலைப்
பகைப்புலம் படர்தலு முரியன் றகைத்தார்
ஒள்ளெரி புரையு முருகெழு பசும்பூட்
கிள்ளி வளவற் படர்குவை யாயின்
நெடுங்கடை நிற்றலு மிலையே கடும்பகல்
தேர்வீ சிருக்கை யார நோக்கி
நீயவற் கண்ட பின்றைப் பூவின்
ஆடும்வண் டிமிராத் தாமரை
சூடா யாத லதனினு மிலையே.

—ஆலத்தூர்கிழார்

No waiting before the gate

In thine hand is the faultless lute; thy body is hunger's prey, for there were none to aid! Around thy waist thou wrappest a cloth patched and darned, and moist with sweat, thou needy minstrel!

Around the world with thy want-wasted company hast thou been, and now enquirest of me.

Killi-Valavan is he whose host slays on the reeking bloody plain where high banners wave, the tusked elephant,—he who is lord of *Uranthai*, whose spear is up-lifted mid the warriors, strenuous invader of foeman's land, wearer of hero's wreath, and adorned with fire-flashing gems of various hues and ornaments of ruddy gold! Go to his presence! Thou wilt suffer no waiting before the gate.

And when thou him sees't face to face, who in open day"[1] gives chariots to those that ask, still less shalt thou lack the lotus wreath around which no beetles swarm.[2]

The next is of the same character :

தலைப்பாடன்று

[70]

தேஎந் தீந்தொடைச் சீறியாழ்ப் பாண
கயத்துவாழ் யாமை காழ்கோத் தன்ன
நுண்கோற் றகைத்த தெண்கண் மாக்கிணை
இனிய காண்கிவட் டணிகெனக் கூறி;
வினவ லானா முதுவா யிரவல
தைஇத் திங்கட் டண்கயம் போலக்
கொளக்கொளக் குறைபடாக் கூழுடை வியனகர்
அடுதீ யல்லது சுடுதீ யறியா
திருமருந்து விளைக்கு நன்னாட்டுப் பொருநன்
கிள்ளி வளவ னல்லிசை யுள்ளி
நாற்ற நாட்டத் தறுகாற் பறவை
சிறுவெள் ளாம்பன் ஞாங்க ரூதும்
கைவள் ளீகைப் பண்ணன் சிறுகுடிப்
பாதிரி கமழு மோதி யொண்ணுதல்
இன்னகை விறலியொடு மென்மெல வியலிச்

1. The Com. says the day has 30 *naligai* (Tamil hours of 24 minutes). Of these 10, *i e*., from 6 a.m, to 10 a.m. are to be given to duties of domestic life, (See K. Book I.) The next 10 *i e*,. from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m., are to be devoted to kingly duties; and the last 10, *i.e*., from 2 to 6 p m., being the heat of the day, would be spent in giving audiences and dispensing gifts.

2. It is of gold!

செல்லை யாயிற் செல்லை யாகுவை
விறகொய் மாக்கள் பொன்பெற் றன்னதோர்
தலைப்பா டன்றவ னீகை
நினைக்க வேண்டா வாழ்கவன் றாளே.

—கோவூர்கிழார்

Not mere chance

Minstrel, with little lute of sweetest strain !
Suppliant with words of old wisdom full !
Importunate thou askest me to rest and listen to the pleasant sounds of thy tambourine.[1]
But hear what I shall say !
The modest homes of *Panan,*[2] whose hands are full of gifts, is near the wide city.
There food inexhaustible is found like the waters of the cool tank under January's moon, and the humming bees explore the sweets of the fragrant water-lily.
There he meditates the praise and glory of Killi-Valavan, king of the good land that yields, in abundance, rice and sweet water, and that knows the fire that cooks, but not the fire that consumes.
If thither,—together with thy songstress, whose hair diffuses fragrance of the 'trumpet-flower,' the bright-browed, sweetly smiling,—you softly advance, you shall prosper well.
His gifts are not mere chance, like gold found by the woodman in the forest.'
Hesitate not.
Long may he flourish !

வல்விலோரி

The Hill-Chieftain, with 'Strong-bow'

One of the seven celebrated generous chieftains of the old Tamil country was *Val-vil-ori, or Athan-ori (Strong-*

1. 'Which has bright face and is fastened to a rod, as turtle from the tank is strung on iron skewer !'

2. Seems a play on the name Pannan.

bow'). His title expresses his special characteristic: he was a Nimrod, 'a mighty hunter.' His hill was *Kolli*, on the Malabar coast—a hill from which the C'era (or Malabar) kings take one of their titles. He was also celebrated for his lavish gifts of richly caparisoned elephants. Three songs are inscribed in his praise (152, 153, 204).

This chief is mentioned in the *Pattu-pattu* as having fought with another of the seven liberal kings, *Kari* (of whom we shall hear by-and-bye). He is also named in 158, but simply as the 'Lord of the gleaming hill of Kolli.'

His especial bard was *Van-Paranar*, whose lyric we translate in a somewhat condensed form. It is doubtless a fair picture of the old Tamil highland chiefs before the Muhammadan invasion.

ஓம்பா வீகை விறல்வெய் யோனே

[152]

வேழம் வீழ்த்த விழுத்தொடைப் பகழி
பேழ்வா யுழுவையைப் பெரும்பிறி துறீஇப்
புழற்றலைப் புகர்க்கலை யுருட்டி யுரற்றலைக்
கேழற் பன்றி வீழ வயல
தாழற் புற்றத் துடும்பிற் செற்றும்
வல்வில் வேட்டம் வலம்படுத் திருந்தோன்
புகழ்சால் சிறப்பி னம்புமிகத் திளைக்கும்
கொலைவன் யார்கொலோ கொலைவன் மற்றிவன்
விலைவன் போலான் வெறுக்கைநான் குடையன்
ஆரந் தாழ்ந்த வம்பகட்டு மார்பிற்
சார லருவிப் பயமலைக் கிழவன்
ஓரி கொல்லோ வல்லன் கொல்லோ
பாடுவல் விறலியோர் வண்ண நீரும்
மண்முழா வமைமின் பண்யாழ் நிறுமின்
கண்விடு தூம்பிற் களிற்றுயிர் தொடுமின்
எல்லரி தொடுமி னாகுளி தொடுமின்
பதலை யொருகண் பையென வியக்குமின்
மதலை மாக்கோல் கைவலந் தமினென்

இறைவ னாகலிற் சொல்லுபு குறுகி
மூவேழ் துறையு முறையுளிக் கழிப்பிக்
கோவெனப் பெயரிய காலை யாங்கது
தன்பெய ராகலி னாணி மற்றியாம்
நாட்டிட னாட்டிடன் வருது மீங்கோர்
வேட்டுவ ரில்லை நின்னைப் போரென
வேட்டது மொழியவும் விடாஅன் வேட்டத்தில்
தானுயிர் செகுத்த மானிணப் புழுக்கோ
டானுருக் கன்ன வேரியை நல்கித்
தன்மலைப் பிறந்த தாவி னன்பொன்
பன்மணிக் குவையொடும் விரைஇக் கொண்மெனச்
சுரத்திடை நல்கி யோனே விடர்ச்சிமை
ஓங்கிருங் கொல்லிப் பொருநன்
ஓம்பா வீகை விறல்வெய் யோனே.

—வன்பரணர்

The Generous Archer

What artisan thy arrows excellent
Fashioned with many a stroke, O thou, in chase
Victorious ever with thy mighty bow?
Low lay they mighty elephants, and slay
Tigers with wide cavernous jaws,
And spotted antelopes with branching horns!
Before them falls the woodland boar's huge head.
The guano, neighbour of the lowly ant,
They kill. Yet *Ori* hunts not for mere gain,—
Destroyer mighty though he be; for he
Reigns the right wealthy *Lord of Kolli's* fruitful hill
Around whose base the mountain streamlets flow,—
Whose mighty breast chaplets of pearl adorn.
O minstrel maid, sing thou a triumph-song!
And ye, bear burthen with your tambourines.
Make ready lute and lyre, tabor and drum,
And every instrument of joyous melody!
Then will we pass from land to land, and say
'There is no huntsman like to him: in war
No arm so strong as his to guard and rule—
The Lord of Kolli's hill, Ori's proud height ·
The brave one, loved and loving, rich in gifts!'

The lavish generosity of the archer-chief is celebrated in hyberbolical strains in 153, which is a singularly artistic Tamil lyric.

மாரி வண்கொடை

[153]

மழையணி குன்றத்துக் கிழவ னாளும்
இழையணி யானை யிரப்போர்க் கீயும்
சுடர்விடு பசும்பூட் சூர்ப்பமை முன்கை
அடுபோ ரானா வாத னோரி
மாரி வண்கொடை காணிய நன்றும்
சென்றது மன்னெங் கண்ணுளங் கடும்பே
பனிநீர்ப் பூவா மணிமிடை குவளை
வானார்த் தொடுத்த கண்ணியுங் கலனும்
யானை யினத்தொடு பெற்றனர் நீங்கிப்
பசியா ராகன் மாறுகொல் விசிபிணிக்
கூடுகொ ளின்னியங் கறங்க
ஆடலு மொல்லார்தம் பாடலு மறந்தே.

—வன்பரணர்

Bewildering Munificence.

Daily the chieftain of the cloud-crowned hill [1]
Gives askers elephants caparison'd
Great *Athan-ori* height,—his hand, adorned
With radiant gems and gold, grasps the round disc,—
Insatiate lover of the deadly strife.
To see his gifts showered down like kindly rain
My merry company went trooping forth
Garlands and ornaments of silver twine,
With jewel-lotus-flowers, in no cool stream
That grew, and line of elephants they gained.
As they went forth, according music loud
Sounded on every side from instruments
Well strung ; but they—because they hungered not?
Forbore to dance, and quite forgot their song. [2]

1. Kolli.

2. Paralysed and struck dumb by his munificence.

These verses give the merest glimpse of the mighty Tamil archer. For twelve centuries they have existed in South India, have been the source of many legends in other literatures, and are mixed up with traditions of the Pandiyan kings of Madura, who, being supposed to the incarnations of Siva, had the bow and arrows as their special attributes. But all that is received and accredited tradition about *Ori* is contained in these three lyrics.

———

Another bard, whose epithet was 'Owner of the elephant that chews the sugar-cane,' and who is otherwise unknown has composed an interesting poem in his praise.

கடலும் சிற்றருவியும்

[204]

ஈயென விரத்த லிழிந்தன் றதனெதிர்
ஈயே னென்ற லதனினு மிழிந்தன்று
கொள்ளெனக் கொடுத்த லுயர்ந்தன் றதனெதிர்
கொள்ளே னென்ற லதனினு முயர்ந்தன்று
தெண்ணீர்ப் பரப்பி னிமிழ்திரைப் பெருங்கடல்
உண்ணா ராகுப நீர்வேட் டோரே
ஆவு மாவுஞ் சென்றுணக் கலங்கிச்
சேற்றொடு பட்ட சிறுமைத் தாயினும்
உண்ணீர் மருங்கி னதர்பல வாகும்
புள்ளும் பொழுதும் பழித்த லல்லதை
உள்ளிச் சென்றோர்ப் பழியல ரதனாற்
புலவேன் வாழிய ரோரி விசும்பிற்
கருவி வானம் போல
வரையாது சுரக்கும் வள்ளியோய் நின்னே.

—கழைதின் யானையார்

The Sea and the Streamlet

'Tis shame to wealthy churls, 'give ye,' to cry;
Sorer disgrace when these their gifts deny.
Doubtless, who saith, 'Take this my gift,' does well;

Who saith, 'I take not,' doth in worth excel.
Who thirst for water will not stoop to drink
Where sparkling wavelets play on ocean's brink,—
Tho' draught be crystal clear. Where cattle pass,
And thronging thick make bank a muddy mass,
And tho' the streamlet trickle scant and slow,—
There's well-trod path to where sweet waters flow!
If thou give not, thy suppliants blame the hour
An inauspicious signs, and fate's dread power;—
They blame not thee, as all forlorn they sigh,
For thou art liberal as th' o'er arching sky!

After our poet had been treated discourteously by *Veliman's* successor, who offered him a paltry gift which he rejected with scorn, he made his way to Kumanan's court, who on this occasion treated him with the utmost cordiality, and presented him with a lordly elephant. With this he made his way back to the palace erewhile belonging to his faithful patron Veliman, but now tenanted by his churlish successor, and tethered his elephant under the trees close to the fort gate. He then revenged himself upon the younger brother, who had occupied the deceased chieftain's seat, by singing the following song. To realise the situation fully we must remember that the bard was considered sacred, and his words of reproach and threatening would surely have effect; while for the present the song was sure to pass from mouth to mouth, and would render the new ruler an object of contempt to some, and of their detestation to others.

கடியுறை

[162]

இரவலர் புரவலை நீயு மல்லை
புரவல ரிரவலர்க் கில்லையு மல்லர்
இரவல ருண்மையுங் காணினி யிரவலர்க்
கீவோ ருண்மையுங் காணினி நின்னூர்க்

கடிமரம் வருந்தத் தந்தியாம் பிணித்த
நெடுநல் யானையெம் பரிசில்
கடுமான் றோன்றல் செல்வல் யானே.

—பெருஞ்சித்திரன்

Reproaches

"Thou'rt no protector or the suppliant poor.
Yet to the suppliant kindly friends are ever found,
See here the state of worthy suppliants!
See here the worth of kindly friends!
Behold I tether ' neath the shadow of thy fort
This elephant, another's gift ; and so, farewell,
Thou chieftain of the swiftly running steed!"

This does not seem to be a very clever bit of spit; but the reference to the horse here implies an imputation of cowardice, and the tethering his elephant there was a prophecy that the elephants of hostile kings would soon be found in the same spot.

This ever generous *Kumanan* was at one period dispossessed of his kingdom by his younger brother and fled to the desert, where he was in great poverty. To him our bard found his way, and sought a gift from the utterly impoverished king. The generous-hearted prince drew his sword and presented it to the suppliant, saying, 'I've nothing to give thee but my head. Cut it off and bear it away!'

The poet took the sword, and made his way back to the court of the usurping brother, where he sang the following song:—

தம்புகழ் நிறீஇத் தாமாய்ந்தனரே

[165]

மன்னு வுலகத்து மன்னுதல் குறித்தோர்
தம்புகழ் நிறீஇத் தாமாய்ந் தனரே
துன்னருஞ் சிறப்பி னுயர்ந்த செல்வர்

இன்மையி னிரப்போர்க் கீஇ யாமையிற்
றொன்மை மாக்களிற் றொடர்பறி யலரே
தாடாழ் படுமணி யிரட்டும் பூநுதல்
ஆடியல் யானை பாடுநர்க் கருகாக்
கேடி னல்லிசை வயமான் றோன்றலைப்
பாடி நின்றனெ னாகக் கொன்னே
பாடுபெறு பரிசிலன் வாடினன் பெயர்த்தலென்
நாடிழந் ததனினு நனியின் னாதென
வாடந் தனனே தலையெனக் கீயத்
தன்னிற் சிறந்தது பிறிதொன் றின்மையின்
ஆடுமலி யுவகையொடு வருவல்
ஓடாப் பூட்கைநின் கிழமையோற் கண்டே.

—பெருந்தலைச்சாத்தனார்

To live by fame's report

'In this fleeting earth some wish to live by fame's report
and so have striven to make their glory last ; and they
who still in utmost poverty retain the will to give
to those that ask, are glorious in their woe
I went to him who all has lost but deathless fame ! He said.
'I've lost my lands, to bid thee empty go were greater loss
Here is my sword, Take thou my head.' Thus come I from thy kinsman's presence glad, bearing his sword, sign of his love.'

It is pleasant to know that the issue of this was that the usurper was touched with compunction for having wronged his noble-hearted brother, and restored him his kingdom.

மலையமான் திருமுடிக்காரி

KARI "THE MOUNTAIN CHIEF"

(*Malaiyaman Tirumudi-Kari*[1])

The *Pura-nanuru* abounds in short passages of great beauty, casting vivid light upon many old customs, and

1. Malaiyaman ("*the mountaineer*"=Malaiyan) is an epithet of the C'era King. Tiru-mudi="sacred crown." His domain

giving fitting expression to feelings and sentiments which are common to all the world. Many of these are by Kabilar, the famous poet, of whom a separate notice is given, and who especially sung the praises of the hill chieftains Kari and Pari. Kari was one of the seven minor kings[1] who in latter times were renowned for liberality. It would seem that he was contemporary with Tiru-Valluvar. There is some slight discrepancy in the lists, but Maḷaiyaman, commonly called Kari (which was really the name of his war-horse), is in every list. Kari means "blackness," and it seems that the famous charger was called so because of its colour. King Kari was equally renowned for bravery (having fought as an ally of the Pandiya, C'ola and C'era Kings) and for liberality; but he seems to have been somewhat lavish and indiscriminate in his gifts, as were many of these rude mountain chieftains. Hence Kabilar cautions him :—

வரிசை யறிதலோ வரிதே

[121]

ஒருதிசை யொருவனை யுள்ளி நாற்றிசைப்
பலரும் வருவர் பரிசின் மாக்கள்
வரிசை யறிதலோ வரிதே பெரிதும்
ஈத லெளிதே மாவண் டோன்றல்
அதுநற் கறிந்தனை யாயிற்
பொதுநோக் கொழிமதி புலவர் மாட்டே.

—கபிலர்

'Tis hard to measure worth'

"Where reigns *one* Lord men's longing eyes are bent
From quarters four they come, on gain intent.

---

seems to have been *Maladu*, along the banks of the S. Pennar. [Malayaman is an epithet of Kari himself and not of C'era. Maladu is corruption of Malainadu. His capital was modern Tirukoilur in South Arcot District. The Patron of St. Sundara ruled there in the 8th century.—J.M.N.]

1. கடையெழுவள்ளல்.

'Tis hard to measure worth; thy gifts to fling
Abroad with lavish hand is easier thing.
O King munificent! full well
Thou k· owest the very truth I tell.
Cease then to view each suppliant bard
With undistinguishing regard."

In 122, the same poet tells us, that Kari helped the three great Tamil kings, and that he generously gave the spoils to his own people, so that nothing remained to himself but his queen.

"வடமீன் புரையுங் கற்பின் மடமொழி
அரிவை தோளள வல்லதை
நினதென விலைநீ பெருமிதத் தையே" [புறம். 122]

"Thy Queen, pure as the Northern Star,[1] to matrons shown,
Sweet voiced, is all, great King, thou call'st thine own."

In 123, Kabilar tells us, in a pretty little distich, that he gave chariots, as presents, not simply amid the excitement of a feast, but calmly: these gifts were as numerous as the drops of rain that fell on the Mullur hills. This last reminds us that abundance of rain—the greatest of blessings to Indian cultivators—was ensured by a generosity like his: "It is twice blest, it blesseth him that gives and that receives."

In 124 we hear Kabilar again :—

வறிது பெயர்குந ரல்லர்

[124]

நாளன்று போகிப் புள்ளிடை தட்பப்
பதனன்று புக்குத் திறனன்று மொழியினும்
வறிது பெயர்குவ ரல்லர் நெறிகொளப்
பாடான் றிரங்கு மருவிப்
பீடுகெழு மலையற் பாடி யோரே.

—கபிலர்

1. Arunddhati, the chaste wife of Vasishtha, now a star in Ursa Major, pointed out to brides as an example.

None empty go away

"Suppliant in unauspicious hour,
Mid threatening evil omens' power.
In luckless time they seek his feet !
And though they utter words unmeet,
None empty go away who sing
The praises of the mighty king,
Adown whose mountain [1] steeps the torrent's wrath,
In thunders seeks its long established path."

In 126 another bard called *Nappacalaiyar*, sings the praises of Kari in much the same strain, but takes care to add that he himself is no rival of Kabilar, "the Brahman of faultless learning," whom he evidently recognises as the court minstrel and Poet Laureate of *Kovalur*."[2]

இன்மை துரப்ப வந்தனம்

[126]

ஒன்னார் யானை யோடைப்பொன் கொண்டு
பாணர் சென்னி பொலியத் தைஇ
வாடாத் தாமரை சூட்டிய விழுச்சீர்
ஓடாப் பூட்கை யுரவோன் மருக
வல்லே மல்லே மாயினும் வல்லே
நின்வயிற் கிளக்குவ மாயிற் கங்குல்
துயின்மடிந் தன்ன தூங்கிருள் இறும்பிற்
பறையிசை யருவி முள்ளூர்ப் பொருந
தெறலரு மரபினின் கிளையொடும் பொலிய
நிலமிசைப் பரந்த மக்கட் கெல்லாம்
புலனழுக் கற்ற வந்த ணாளன்
இரந்துசென் மாக்கட் கினியிட னின்றிப்
பரந்திசை நிற்கப் பாடின னதற்கொண்டு
சினமிகு தானை வானவன் குடகடற்
பொலந்தரு நாவா யோட்டிய வவ்வழிப்

1. This was called *Mullur Malai*.

2. Or Koval. This was Kari's capital, now Covelong (?) 20 miles S. of Madras. [No. It is the Modern Tirukoilur.—J.M.N.]

பிறகலஞ் செல்கலா தனையே மத்தை
இன்மை துரப்ப விசைதர வந்துநின்
வண்மையிற் றொடுத்தனம் யாமே முள்ளெயிற்
றரவெறி யுருமின் முரசெழுந் தியம்ப
அண்ணல் யானையொடு வேந்துகளத் தொழிய
அருஞ்சமந் ததையத் தாக்கி நன்றும்
பெண்ணையம் படப்பை நாடுகிழ வோயே.

—மாறோக்கத்து நப்பசலையார்

Our poverty compels

"Descendant of the Mighty One
Who tore the gold from off the head
Of foemen's warring elephants,
And made it shining ornament for minstrels' brows !
Who wear'st a glorious wreath of fadeless lotus flowers,
Who knows not flight in war !
To sing thy praise we come, or learned or unlearn'd,—
Lord of the Mount *Mullur*, upon whose slopes
The forest rest, dark as though night
Gathering her shades around her slumbered there.
May'st thou flourish with thine undecaying race !
The learned Brahman bard, whose praise
Is known to all the sons of men on earth,
The bard with faultless learning graced, hath sung Thy fame.
So that no room remains for any of the suppliant train.
No rival bard, I sing ! We're little barks
That sail not on the Western main,
Where C'eran's warlike fleets are seen.
Our poverty compels we add our mite of praise
To him Lord of the fertile land !
On *pennai* banks where thy war-drums sound out
Like the loud thunder, scaring mountain-snakes.
And where Thou drivest back the tide of foemen's war,
While lordly elephants and kings bestrew the field."

This ends the praise of the 'Highland chief':—

Malayan the victor, who on Kari rode,
stalwart in war, whose gifts were as the drops of rain !"

Although Perum Cittiranar was a great favourite with various kings, he seems to have had difficulty at times in eking out a scanty subsistence for himself and family, and the most telling lyrics exhibiting the pains and privations of poverty that we have ever met with, are in this collection under his name. The following may serve as a specimen :—

குன்றியுங்கொள்வல்

[159]

வாழு நாளோ டியாண்டுபல வுண்மையின்
தீர்தல்செல் லாதென் னுயிரெனப் பலபுலந்து
கோல்கா லாகக் குறும்பல வொதுங்கி
நூல்விரித் தன்ன கதுப்பினள் கண்டுயின்று
முன்றிற் போகா முதிர்வினள் யாயும்
பசந்த மேனியொடு படரட வருந்தி
மருங்கிற் கொண்ட பல்குறு மாக்கள்
பிசைந்துதின வாடிய முலையள் பெரிதழிந்து
குப்பைக் கீரை கொய்கண் ணகைத்த
முற்றா விளந்தளிர் கொய்துகொண் டுப்பின்று
நீருலை யாக வேற்றி மோரின்
றவிழ்ப்பத மறந்து பாசடகு மிசைந்து
மாசொடு குறைந்த வுடுக்கைய ளறம்பழியாத்
துவ்வா ளாகிய வென்வெய் யோளும்
என்றாங், கிருவர் நெஞ்சமு முவப்பக் கானவர்
கரிபுன மயக்கிய வகன்கட் கொல்லை
ஐவனம் வித்தி மையுறக் கவினி
ஈனல் செல்லா வேனற் கிழுமெனக்
கருவி வானந் தலைஇ யாங்கும்
ஈத்த நின்புக ழேத்தித் தொக்கவென்
பசிதினத் திரங்கிய வொக்கலு முவப்ப
உயர்ந்தேந்து மருப்பிற் கொல்களிறு பெறினும்
தவிர்ந்துவிடு பரிசில் கொள்ளலெ னுவந்துநீ
இன்புற விடுதி யாயிற் சிறிது
குன்றியுங் கொள்வல் கூர்வேற் குமண
அதற்பட வருளல் வேண்டுவல் விறற்புகழ்
வசையில் விழுத்திணைப் பிறந்த
இசைமேந் தோன்றனிற் பாடிய யானே.

—பெருஞ்சித்திரனார்

Even Kundri I will receive gratefully

When will my life expend itself ? The years
unceasinlgy flow on !—Thus she complains,
groping her feeble way with staff in hand.
Her cheeks are thin, wrinkled like skeins of thread.
She in the courtyard sleeps. Thus is it with my mother old !"[1]
My tenderly beloved wife is wan and worn.
Her starving infants cling around her empty breasts and wail
Our food is bitter herbs. We heard thy praise,—
our hearts leaped up were glad as thirsty soil when clouds
big with the rain o'ershadow them , and so we came
singing thy praise —I and my kin with wasted forms.
Yet though I were to gain a mighty elephant
with shining tusks, I take not gift thrown me in scorn.
Shouldst thou with pleasure give a courteous boon,
though small as *Kundri*[2] berry, grateful I receive.
O Kumanan, whose spear is keen. This is the boon that,
praising thee, I wait.

In some of the famine camps this picture has been a myriad times beheld, and it vividly brings back scenes with which the writer was but too familiar in days by-gone.

———

The following song of Perum C'ittiranar, who had obtained a handsome gift from Kumanan, shows him in an amiable light. It is addressed by the bard to his wife :—

எல்லோர்க்குங் கொடு

[163]

நின்னயந் துறைநர்க்கு நீநயந் துறைநர்க்கும்
பன்மாண் கற்பினின் கிளைமுத லோர்க்கும்
கடும்பின் கடும்பசி தீர யாழநின்
நெடுங்குறி யெதிர்ப்பை நல்கி யோர்க்கும்
இன்னோர்க் கென்னா தென்னொடுஞ் சூழாது

1. Naladiyar 14, 17.
2. Kural, 965.

வல்லாங்கு வாழ்து மென்னாது நீயும்
எல்லோர்க்குங் கொடுமதி மனைகிழ வோயே
பழந்தூங்கு முதிரத்துக் கிழவன்
திருந்துவேற் குமண னல்கிய வளனே.

—பெருஞ்சித்திரனார்

Let all share!

All those who loved thee,—all whom thou dost love,—
Thy kindred all, with seemly virtues crowned,
All who in times gone by, thy wants relieved,—
Call them together now; bid all the world!
Nor counsel nor direction ask of me!
Thus will we live, ponder no more,
give thou to all, my housewife dear!
The lord of Muthiran's fruitful hill,
Kumanan, Lord of the mighty spear
hath given this wealth, which ALL SHALL SHARE!

The great friend of this ancient king was Pannan (alluded to in Songs 70 and 388 also) who is known only as a petty chieftain of *C'iru-Kudi* (Little-town). In regard to such friendships the reader may compare Pope's *Naladiyar*, p. 135. In honour of this friend the king himself composed the following curious little song:—

பசிப்பிணி மருத்துவன் இல்லம்

[173]

யான்வாழு நாளும் பண்ணன் வாழிய
பாணர் காண்கிவன் கடும்பின திடும்பை
யாணர்ப் பழுமரம் புள்ளிமிழ்ந் தன்ன
ஊணொலி யரவந் தானுங் கேட்கும்
பொய்யா வெழிலி பெய்விட நோக்கி
முட்டை கொண்டு வற்புலஞ் சேரும்
சிறுநுண் ணெறும்பின் சில்லொழுக் கேய்ப்பச்
சோறுடைக் கையர் வீறுவீ றியங்கும்
இருங்கிளைச் சிறாஅர்க் காண்டுங் கண்டும்

மற்று மற்றும் வினவுதுந் தெற்றெனப்
பசிப்பிணி மருத்துவ னில்லம்
அணித்தோ சேய்த்தோ கூறுமி னெமக்கே.

—கிள்ளிவளவன்

Pannan's Abode

May *Pannan* happy live as long as I enjoy this life.
See here, ye bards, this suppliant hither makes his way
By poverty compelled he listens for the sound of food dispensed.
Like to the birds that congregate upon the fruitful tree
In fertile soil, the suppliants come, in ranks,
Crowding like tiny ants that, when they know
The rainy season nigh, bear off their eggs
To some dry, favoured mound.—Although they see
The tribes with all their little ones advance
In thronging multitudes, again and yet again they seek
The dwelling of the man who heals the sore disease of penury.
'Ah tell us is it near or for,' they cry!

Here *King Valavan* is surrounded by singers themselves, suppliants in his court. To them he speaks of generosity of his friend Pannan, and blesses him. Then he points to an ideal picture of what may constantly be seen on the road to Pannan's home, where, when the drum proclaims the feast to which all are welcome, crowds gather like the birds on every fruitful tree, while on the slope of the hill below his palace suppliants ask of those whom they meet returning satisfied and happy, in continuous train like the ants,—'tell us how far it is to the dwelling of the generous chieftain for whose aid we seek: the healer of hunger's sore disease.' This illustrates, as do very many other songs in this anthology, the state of things in those days in the petty kingdoms of the South. Organised bands of mendicants,—some of them poets, reciting their elaborate compositions,—often most ingenious, and sometimes quite beautiful, but full of fulsome and far-

fetched adulation,—some of them musicians with all kinds of quaint instruments,—with bands of female singers and dancers, were perpetually making their way to and fro from one little mountain fortress to another, where their advent formed one of the few distractions of life for the chieftain, alternating with his hunting expeditions and war-like raids.

பெருந்தலைச்சாத்தனாரும் பெருஞ்சித்திரனாரும்

The Minor Bards, Perum-Talai-Cattanar and Perum C'ittiranar

These wandering minstrels, though quite willing to praise their patrons in the most lavish way, were exceedingly sensitive, and no doubt ofttimes severely tried. The petty hill chieftains and their retainers were not always models of courtesy and refinement, and occasionally kept their suppliants waiting long in suspense, even when they eventually sent them forth laden with rich presents. Sometimes the present was sent, but no personal interview accorded to the slighted poet, who considered himself more than the equal of any mountain chieftain. The warders at the gates of the palaces often refused admission, or allowed it only on the promise of a substantial share of the present obtained. Thus the way of these wanderers was sometimes rough, and in their poems they were not slow in giving very decided expression to their feelings.

There were two minor poets of somewhat similar characters and fortunes in whose verses there is naturally considerable resemblance, both of whom were exceedingly sensitive, and expressed their disgust at the unfeeling and uncourteous way in which they were treated.

It may be said, by the way, that, on the other hand these ancient chieftains must very often have been sorely tried by their numerous, arrogant and very pertinacious suitors.

The following is by the first of these bards, *Perum-Talai-C'attanar.* He is addressing a chieftain, a wild huntsman of whom nothing more is known, who delayed his gift, and was utterly wanting in cordiality:—

பரிசில் நீட்டித்தானைப் பாடியது

[205]

முற்றிய திருவின் மூவ ராயினும்
பெட்பின் றீதல் யாம்வேண் டலமே
விறற்சினந் தணிந்த விரைபரிப் புரவி
உறுவர் செல்சார் வாகிச் செறுவர்
தாளுளந் தபுத்த வாண்மிகு தானை
வெள்வீ வேலிக் கோடைப் பொருந
சிறியவும் பெரியவும் புழைகெட விலங்கிய
மான்கணந் தொலைச்சிய கடுவிசைக் கதநாய்
நோன்சிலை வேட்டுவ நோயிலை யாகுக
ஆர்கலி யாணர்த் தரீஇய கால்வீழ்த்துக்
கடல்வயிற் குழீஇய வண்ணலங் கொண்மூ
நீரின்று பெயரா வாங்குத் தேரொ
டொளிறுமருப் பேந்திய செம்மற்
களிறின்று பெயரல பரிசிலர் கடும்பே.

—பெருந்தலைச்சாத்தனார்

A somewhat defiant Flea for kindly Charity

'Though the three monarchs rich in amplest wealth,
gave loveless gifts, we'd scorn the pelf!
O Lord of Kovai, round whose heights,
the jasmine twines its wreaths all glittering white,
whose sword victorious quenches ardour of thy foes,
whilst thou to needy suppliants that flee
to thee from face of conquering foes, art refuge sure!
O huntsman searching out from rocky cave,

and den all creatures great and small, with hounds
swift-footed, bearing still thy mighty bow!
May thy blest days in joyous comfort pass!
The clouds that go to graze on Ocean's plain
drink from its plenteous store, nor ever back
come they without the gift they seek;—
so suppliants, from thee, or from some other, gain
Due gifts of car and tusked elephants.!

[*i. e.*, '*Farewell, if you give not, some other will be more kind.*]

In several other pieces much the same topics are brought forward; but his death is the theme of those that follow. This took place at *Kulamurram*. Tamil kings are distinguished in legend sometimes by some victory gained, but oftener by the place of their death, or slumber, as it is called (*tunju* = 'fall asleep').

இரந்தன்றாகல் வேண்டும்

[226]

செற்றன் றாயினுஞ் செயிர்த்தன் றாயினும்
உற்றன் றாயினு முய்வின்று மாதோ
பாடுநர் போலக் கைதொழு தேத்தி
இரந்தன் றாகல் வேண்டும் பொலந்தார்
மண்டமர் கடக்குந் தானைத்
திண்டேர் வளவற் கொண்ட கூற்றே.

—மாறோக்கத்து நப்பசலையார்

How Death secured his Victim

If in his mind against thee he were wrath,
Or if in outward act he showed his rage,
Or if he touched thee with afflictive hand,
Thou couldst not have escaped O death!
Thou took'st great *Valavan*, entreating him,
Like minstrels, bowing low, with suppliant hand;

Praising, thou didst bear off his life,
Leader of hosts that crowd the glorious field,
Crowned with gold wreath, Lord of the mighty car !

'Death would have been unequal to the contest with the valiant king, and only managed to take his life by appealing to his generosity.

Another song by *Macattanar of Adu-turai* commemorates his death, using a quaint old commonplace of Tamil verse. (Comp. 230)..

கூற்றத்தின் விரகின்மை

[227]

நனிபே தையே நயனில் கூற்றம்
விரகின் மையின் வித்தட் டுண்டனை
இன்னுங் காண்குவை நன்வா யாகுதல்
ஒளிறுவாண் மறவருங் களிறு மாவும்
குருதியங் குரூஉப்புனற் பொருகளத் தொழிய
நாளு மானான் கடந்தட் டென்றுநின்
வாடுபசி யருத்திய பழிதீ ராற்றல்
நின்னோ ரன்ன பொன்னியற் பெரும்பூண்
வளவ னென்னும் வண்டுமூசு கண்ணி
இனையோற் கொண்டனை யாயின்
இனியார் மற்றுநின் பசிதீர்ப் போரே.

—ஆடுதுறைமாசாத்தனார்

Death's Want of Foresight

Death ! Right silly art thou, ruthless one ;
Through lack of sense thou eat'st thine own seed-corn !
Thou yet shalt see the truth of what I say.
Warriors with gleaming swords, and elephant and horse
Fell on the battle-plain that flowed with blood ;
Daily he was insatiate, slew his foes,
And fed thine hunger ! Like thyself a strength
He had that knew no ruth nor vengeance feared

This *Valavan* who wore the mighty golden ornaments,
Whose flowery garland swarmed with humming bees,
Since thou hast borne away,—who shall appease thine hunger
now?

These verses refer to *Valavan's funeral*, and is attributed to *Mudanar* (= the lame bard) *of Aiyur:*

கண்ணகன்றாழி

[228]

கலஞ்செய் கோவே கலஞ்செய் கோவே
இருடிணிந் தன்ன குரூஉத்திரட் பரூஉப்புகை
அகலிரு விசும்பி னூன்றுஞ் சூளை
நனந்தலை மூதூர்க் கலஞ்செய் கோவே
அளியை நீயே யாங்கா குவைகொல்
நிலவரை சூட்டிய நீணெடுந் தானைப்
புலவர் புகழ்ந்த பொய்யா நல்லிசை
விரிகதிர் ஞாயிறு விசும்பிவர்ந் தன்ன
சேண்விளங்கு சிறப்பிற் செம்பியர் மருகன்
கொடிநுடங்கு யானை நெடுமா வளவன்
தேவ ருலக மெய்தின னாதலின்
அன்னோற் கவிக்குங் கண்ணகன் றாழி
வனைதல் வேட்டனை யாயி னெனையதூஉம்
இருநிலந் திகிரியாப் பெருமலை
மண்ணா வனைத லொல்லுமோ நினக்கே.

—ஐயூர்முடவனார்

The Burial-urn

'O potter-chief![1] maker of vessels!
Thou whose furnace sends up thick clouds
Of smoke veiling the outspread heavens,
Who makest vessels for the wide extended ancient town!
Thou art to be pitied! What toil hath befallen thee!
The descendant of C'ola kings,
Whose armies spread themselves to earth's utmost verge,—

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1. The common words Kuya-van (Kuca-van) for 'potter' are all connected with S. *ku, ko go*. See *Mani-me*. 28. 34.

Whom minstrels praise,—the truly glorious one,—
Whose glory shines afar,
As in the heavens the sun with resplendent ray,—
Valavan, the great, on the brows
Of whose warrior-elephants bright banners wave,—
Hath gained the world of gods. And so
'Tis thine to shape an urn. so huge
That it shall cover the remains of such an one.
But it thou'st mould the needful urn thy wheel,
The vast earth must be, and Meru's mass
Sufficeth not for earth to mould its form!'

Bishop Caldwell say that at the time when these urns were used cremation must have been unknown and burial the universal practice; but, in fact, the two customs have ever existed side by side. The ancient inhabitants of the South generally buried their dead, as will be seen by a careful study of Pura-Porul-Venba; but Brahmanical and Saivite usages were found side by side, from every early times. In fact, the oldest funeral hymn, *Rigveda*, X. 18, might well seen to be one of these lyrics. It will be seen also by a reference to the two works already named (which are a perfect mine of information regarding the ancient manners and customs of the southern lands), and from passages scattered through the other Tamil classics, that when heroes fell in battle they were often buried on the spot and their effigies in stone placed over the grave. The same was done when kings and other great men retired into some lonely region (generally specified as the 'North'), and died there. This is exemplified, as we have seen,[1] in the very touching histories of the king *Ko-perum colan* and his devoted friends *Pottiyar* and *Piciron.* This illustrates *Kural* ch. lxxviii. I.

'Ye foes! stand not before my lord! for many a one
Who did my lord withstand now stands in stone!'

1. *Ind. Ant.* Feb. 1899.

Here the learned commentator, *Parimelalagar* remarks that when heroes died on the field of battle, it was the custom to place their effigies on the spot where they fell. These heroes often became tutelary divinities, or demons, and were worshipped with offerings of food and flowers.

In the *Records* of the Madras Government (Archæological Department) under date 12th May, 1887, an account is given of *vessels discovered at Pallavaram*, which evidently had been used for burial. These are precisely what this lyric speaks of. [1] Many of the articles of pottery found in connection with these kists may be accounted for by the well-known customs referred to in P.N.N. 234, 249.

———

Another mountain chief of the same period, if indeed we can form any opinion about the where and when of many of these personages, was *Veliman*, who was very liberal, and who had at least one faithful friend, the poet Perum-C'ittiranar.

Of Veliman himself nothing is known. The minstrel came to his court to find his patron dead, and the successor seems to have treated him with contempt; probably as the heir he had felt grieved at the manifold largesses of the chief which had diminished his inheritance. The poet's dirge is a song of despair.

என்ஞுகுவர் என்துன்னியோரே

[238]

கவிசெந் தாழிக் குவிபுறத் திருந்த
செவிசெஞ் சேவலும் பொகுவலும் வெருவா
வாய்வன் காக்கையுங் கூகையுங் கூடிப்
பேஎ யாயமொடு பெட்டாங்கு வழங்கும்
காடுமுன் னினனே கட்கா முறுநன்

1. See my article in J. R. A. S. April, 1899.

தொடிகழி மகளிரிற் றொல்கவின் வாடிப்
பாடுநர் கடும்பும் பையென் றனவே
தோடுகொண் முரசுங் கிழிந்தன கண்ணே
ஆளில், வரைபோல் யானையு மருப்பிழந் தனவே
வெந்திறற் கூற்றம் பெரும்பே துறுப்ப
எந்தை யாகுத லதற்பட லறியேன்
அந்தோ வளியேன் வந்தனென் மன்ற
என்னா குவர்கொலெற் றுன்னி யோரே
மாரி யிரவின் மரங்கவிழ் பொழுதின்
ஆரஞ ருற்ற நெஞ்சமொ டொராங்குக்
கண்ணி லூமன் கடற்பட் டாங்கு
வரையளந் தறியாத் திரையரு நீத்தத்
தவல மறுசுழி மறுகலின்
தவலே நன்றுமற் றகுதியு மதுவே.

—பெருஞ்சித்திரனார்

What will be fall my kin?

He has gone to wilderness where ruddy urns
are filled with bodies of the dead,—to wilds
where red-eared vultures, owls and fearsome ravens,
birds obscene of every name, and goblins dwell
and wander as they list. He loved the palm-wine jar!
The beauty of the fair whose arms bright jewels lack has faded;
the minstrel band in tarnished glory past away;
the drums that erst spake out are rent;
the hill-like elephants, tusks lost, their riders lack;
Cruel strong death hath thee destroyed,
my father, what shall happen next I know not, I—
object of pity am I come. What will befall my kin?
In darksome night tempestuous sinks my bark
amid the waves; and like our blind and dumb,
with mind oe'rwhelmed in sore distress I see the billows
none may mete or count. In deep of dark despair I sink
by whirling eddies drawn below. Death is the boon I crave!

(Comp. Naladiyar 12)

The following (208) is by Perum-C'ittiranar, to whom a gift had been offered by Avvai's friend and patron,

Athiyaman Neduman Anji, but an interview with the king was not allowed, and in fact no civility was shown the perhaps over-sensitive poet:—

வாணிகப் பரிசில னல்லேன்

[208]

குன்று மலையும் பலபின் னொழிய
வந்தனென் பரிசில் கொண்டனென் செலற்கென
நின்ற வென்னயந் தருளி யீதுகொண்
டீங்கனஞ் செல்க தானென வென்னை
யாங்கறிந் தனனோ தாங்கருங் காவலன்
காணா தீத்த விப்பொருட் கியானோர்
வாணிகப் பரிசில னல்லேன் பேணித்
தினையனைத் தாயினு மினிதவர்
துணையள வறிந்து நல்கினர் விடினே.

—பெருஞ்சித்திரனார்

No mercenary mendicant

'O'er many a mountain, many a hill I have come
thinking to get my gift and go. I deemed
that he with gracious speech would come?
confer his gift, and bid me go in peace.
But he, resistless in the fight, my worth
how did he estimate? I am no mercenary mendicant
that he should give me gifts, yet never see my face!
He should have cherished me, and though his gifts
were small as millet seed, if given with pleasant glance
and words of kindly courtesy, the gift were sweet.'

In the following verses, *Kovur-kilar* seems to stimulate rather than restrain the young chieftain in his gay and thoughtless time:—

பொராஅப் பொருநரேம்

[386]

நெடுநீர நிறைகயத்துப்
படுமாரித் துளிபோல
நெய்துள்ளிய வறைமுகக்கவும்

சூடு கிழித்து வாடூன் மிசையவும்
ஊன் கொண்ட வெண்மண்டை
ஆன்பயத்தான் முற்றழிப்பவும்
வெய்துண்ட வியர்ப்பல்லது
செய்தொழிலான் வியர்ப்பறியாமை
ஈத்தோ னெந்தை யிசைதன தாக
வயலே, நெல்லின் வேலி நீடிய கரும்பின்
பாத்திப் பன்மலர்ப் பூத்த தும்பின்று
புறவே, புல்லருந்து பல்லாயத்தான்
வில்லிருந்த வெங்குறும்பின்று
கடலே, காறந்த கலனெண்ணுவோர்
கானற் புன்னைச் சினையலைக் குந்து
கழியே, சிறுவெள் ளுப்பின் கொள்ளை சாற்றி
பெருங்க னன்னாட் டுமணொலிக் குந்து
அன்ன நன்னாட் டுப் பொருநம் யாமே
பொராஅப் பொருநரேம்
குணதிசை நின்று குடமுதற் செலினும்
குடதிசை நின்று குணமுதற் செலினும்
வடதிசை நின்று தென்வயிற் செலினும்
தென்றிசை நின்று குறுகாது நீடினும்
யாண்டு நிற்க வெள்ளியாம்
வேண்டிய துணர்ந்தோன் றாள்வா ழியவே.

—கோவூர்கிழார்

No warriors we

'Glory be thine, O giver, whose brow knows no sweat
From labour done, but only that from eager feasting!—Like drops of rain
That fall in the full lake, drips down the fat
From the meats they serve up; roasted flesh is
Carved and eaten; from their emptied porringers they
Quaff large draughts of milk!—
Thy fields of rice,—wide are their borders, where
The sweet cane flowers! Thy pasture lands,—with stalls
For herds,—there cattle graze!
Archers with fortified camps guard the flocks, and from the
Tree-tops on the wooded shore count the ships that cover thy sea!—
In the bay, they load the abounding salt with which thy craggy mountains teem!

To thee, warrior chief, we come,—no warriors we!
Whether from East to West, or from West to East, or
From North to South, or from South to North, thou win
Thy everwidening way;—may his glory shine,
Who knows well to extend his conquests in every land!'

The following ode to the same hero is by an unknown bard called *Nalliraiyanar*. It is very imperfect in the original, and is here considerably abridged. To the student of Tamil it is of considerable interest.

பாடுகம் பலவே

[393]

பதிமுதற் பழகாப் பழங்கண் வாழ்க்கைக்
குறுநெடுந் துணையொடு கூர்மை வீதலிற்
குடிமுறை பாடி யொய்யென வருந்தி
அடனசை மறந்தவெங் குழிசி மலர்க்கும்
கடனறி யாளர் பிறநாட் டின்மையின்
வள்ளன் மையினெம் வரைவோர் யாரென
உள்ளிய வுள்ளமோ டுலைநசை துணையா
உலக மெல்லா மொருபாற் பட்டென
மலர்தா ரண்ணனி னல்லிசை யுள்ளி
ஈர்ங்கை மறந்தவெ னிரும்பே ரொக்கல்
கூர்ந்தவெவ் வம்விடக் கொழுநிணங் கிழிப்பக்
கோடைப் பருத்தி வீடுநிறை பெய்த
மூடைப் பண்ட மிடைநிறைந் தன்ன
வெண்ணிண மூரி யருஉ நாணுற
ஈன்ற வரவி னுவுருக் கடுக்குமென்
தொன்றுபடு சிதாஅர் துவர நீக்கிப்
போதுவிரி பகன்றைப் புதுமல ரன்ன
அகன்றுமடி கலிங்க முடீஇச் செல்வமும்
கேடின்று நல்குமதி பெரும மாசில்
மதிபுரை மாக்கிணை தெளிர்ப்ப வொற்றி
ஆடுமக ளொல்க லொப்ப வாடிக்
கோடை யாயினுங் கோடா வொழுக்கத்துக்
காவிரி புரக்கு நல்நாட்டுப் பொருந

வாய்வாள் வளவன் வாழ்கெனப்
பீடுகெழு நோன்றாள் பாடுகம் பலவே.

—நல்லிறையனார்

We praise in song

'O king, I come from far,
With soul that thinks of thee,
And says, "What kindly ones in other lands
Are there to fill the empty dish
Borne by my spouse in sorrow, while with me
She sings, and begs from door to door,
In poverty unknown before.
With thee shall we obtain new garments for the old
Bright as expanding leaves of the *paganrai*,[1] flower :
And feast, departing rich in gifts.
Lord of the beauteous land *Kaveri* guards !
So shall we praise in varied song thy might
Renowned, and say, may *Valavan* whose sword is sharp,
Flourish for aye !" '

———

A very remarkable lyric addressed to him, presumably at this period of his greatest glory, is by *Tayam Kannanar* of Erukattur, a poet otherwise unknown. It forcibly recalls *Manikka Vacagar's* fine 'Morning Hymn in the Temple.' [*Tiruvacagam*, XX.]

மன்னனின் பள்ளியெழுச்சி

[397]

வெள்ளியு மிருவிசும் பேர்தரும் புள்ளும்
உயர்சினைக் குடம்பைக் குரற்றோற் றினவே
பொய்கையும் போதுகண் விழித்தன பையபச்
சுடருஞ் சுருங்கின் றொளியே மாடெழுந்
திரங்குகுரன் முரசமொடு வலம்புரி யார்ப்ப
இரவுப் புறங்கண்ட காலைத் தோன்றி
எஃகிரு ளகற்று மேமப் பாசறை

1. **The same as the *cinthil* : *Menispermum cordifolium*.**

வைகறை யரவங் கேளியர் பலகோட்
செய்தார் மார்ப வெழுமதி துயிலெனத்
தெண்கண் மாக்கிணை தெளிர்ப்ப வொற்றி
நெடுங்கடைத் தோன்றி யேனே யதுநயந்
துள்ளி வந்த பரிசில னிவனென
நெய்யுறப் பொரித்த குய்யுடை நெடுஞ்சூடு
மணிக்கல னிறைந்த மணநாறு தேறல்
பாம்புரித் தன்ன வான்பூங் கலிங்கமொடு
மாரி யன்ன வண்மையிற் சொரிந்து
வேனி லன்னவென் வெப்பு நீங்க
அருங்கல நல்கி யோனே யென்றும்
செறுவிற் பூத்த சேயிதழ்த் தாமரை
அறுதொழி லந்தண ரறம்புரிந் தெடுத்த
தீயொடு விளங்கு நாடன் வாய்வாள்
வலம்படு தீவிற் பொலம்பூண் வளவன்
எறிதிரைப் பெருங்கட லிறுதிக்கட் செலினும்
தெறுகதிர்க் கனலி தென்றிசைத் தோன்றினும்
என்னென் றஞ்சலம் யாமே வென்வேல்
அருஞ்சமங் கடக்கு மாற்றலவன்
திருந்துகழ னோன்றாட் டண்ணிழ லேமே.

—எருக்காட்டூர்த் தாயங்கண்ணனார்

The King's Reveille

The morning-star with silver radiance bright
Now fills the ample sky, and waking birds
From out their nests on lofty boughs send forth
Sweet sounds. On the lake's surface lotus-flowers
Have open'd wide their eyes; and one by one
The stars now slowly quench their golden fires
And while the morning drum is sounding loud,
And shrill-ton'd winding shell its summons gives,
Swift on the yielding steps of fleeing night
The eager day triumphant presses on!
Come forth, O king, to view thy mustering hosts!
List to the morning uprise in the guardian camp,
Where sheen of spears dispels the hovering shades.
King, on whose breast hang wreaths of clustering flowers!
And hear the drummer at the outer gate!
He bids thee from thy slumber wake. I come
A suppliant, who loves to see thy state,—

Thou who dost give rich food with spices blent,
And palm-wine fragrant cool, in jewell'd flask,
With garments bright as when a snake its skin renews :—
Thus, showering blessings in thy bounty, like the rain
Thou dost with costly gifts relieve my pain,
That burnt like glow of scorching summer-sun.
Lord of the land whereever shine the fires
Lit by the sages, who six works perform,—
Around their brows the ruddy lotus wreathed,—
And virtue's work maintain ; great *Valavan*,
Whose strong right arm with golden circlets bound
Wields the sharp sword ! Tho' we to farthest bound
Of the vast billowy sea should go ; or tho'
The orb whose rays destroy should southward stray,
We nothing dread ! beneath the mighty foot,—
That wears the hero' glorious jewelled band,—
Of him, whose conquering spear in arduous fight
Prevails, we rest secure.

KO-PERUM-CHOLAN, and the Poets POTTIYAR and PICIRAN THAYAR

The renowned king, *Ko-Perum-Cholan*, * whose capital was *Uraiy-Ur*,† after a reign diversified by the rebellion of his two sons, renounced his kingdom, went 'to the north' (the banks of the Ganges), as an ascetic, and died there. His most intimate friends, *Pottiyar* and *Piciranthaiyar*, eventually shared his hermit cell, and all three after death were commemorated by stones placed side by side over their urns.

The history of these three,—who were so diverse in many ways, though inseparable in life and death,—as traced in P. N. N., is the favourite Tamil illustration of faithful

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*Ko=king, Perum=great, Cholan='Lord of the Chola kingdom'.

†or Warrior, near Trichinopoly.

friendship. (See Pope's KURAL., Ch. 79.) In NALADI also Ch. 21-24, many exquisite thoughts on friendship are to be found.

When this king was at strife with his sons, a poet called *Eyirriyanar* addressed a lyric to him (213) in which he said:

ஒழிகதி லத்தைநின் மறனே

[213]

மண்டம ரட்ட மதனுடை நோன்றாள்
வெண்குடை விளக்கும் விறல்கெழு வேந்தே
பொங்குநீ ருடுத்தவிம் மலர்தலை யுலகத்து
நின்றலை வந்த விருவரை நினைப்பிற்
றொன்றுறை துப்பினின் பகைஞரு மல்லர்
அமர்வெங் காட்சியொடு மாறெதிர் பெழுந்தவர்
நினையுங் காலை நீயு மற்றவர்க்
கனையை யல்லை யடுமான் றோன்றல்
பரந்துபடு நல்லிசை யெய்தி மற்றுநீ
உயர்ந்தோ ருலக மெய்திப் பின்னும்
ஒழித்த தாய மவர்க்குரித் தன்றே
அதனால், அன்ன தாதலு மறிவோய் நன்றும்
இன்னுங் கேண்மதி யிசைவெய் யோயே
நின்ற துப்பொடு நிற்குறித் தெழுந்த
எண்ணில் காட்சி யிளையோர் தோற்பின்
நின்பெருஞ் செல்வம் யார்க்கெஞ் சுவையே
அமர்வெஞ் செல்வ நீயவர்க் குலையின்
இகழுந ருவப்பப் பழியெஞ் சுவையே
அதனால், ஒழிகதி லத்தைநின் மறனே வல்விரைந்
தெழுமதி வாழ்கநின் னுள்ள மழிந்தோர்க்
கேம மாகுநின் றாணிழன் மயங்காது
செய்தல் வேண்டுமா னன்றே வானோர்
அரும்பெற லுலகத் தான்றவர்
விதும்புறு விருப்பொடு விருந்தெதிர் கொளற்கே.

—புல்லாற்றூர் எயிற்றியனார்

"O king, whose white umbrella shines resplendent, and whose mighty power subdues thy foes! In this world crowned with flowers, and begirt with the swelling sea, the

two, who owe their birth to thee, cannot be any of thine ancient enemies; nor, though ye are now opposed, can they ever really egard thee as an enemy to them! When, full of glory, you at length leave this world, and rise to the world of the exalted ones, whose must be the heritage you leave behind? This thou knowest well, so give ear to me, thou who art of illustrious fame: If these your sons misled, array themselves against you, and you conquer them, to whom will you bequeath the wealth you leave behind? If they should overcome you, you but incur disgrace, and your enemies will triumph. Cease then this strife. Let not your lofty mind be bewildered, but prepare for them the feast in which the Immortals shall rejoicing share'—(KURAL, 86)

It seems that this sensible expostulation was successful, and peace was restored.

The odd king himself has left some specimens of his poetical genius. The following is said to have been composed after he had resigned his kingdom, and gone 'to the north' (214):—

செய்குவங் கொல்லோ நல்வினை

[214]

செய்குவங் கொல்லோ நல்வினை யெனவே
ஐய மருஅர் கசடீண்டு காட்சி
நீங்கா நெஞ்சத்துத் துணிவில் லோரே
யானை வேட்டுவன் யானையும் பெறுமே
குறும்பூழ் வேட்டுவன் வறுங்கையும் வருமே
அதனால், உயர்ந்த வேட்டத் துயர்ந்திசி னோர்க்குச்
செய்வினை மருங்கி னெய்த லுண்டெனிற்
றொய்யா வுலகத்து நுகர்ச்சியுங் கூடும்
தொய்யா வுலகத்து நுகர்ச்சி யில்லெனின்
மாறிப் பிறப்பி னின்மையுங் கூடும்
மாறிப் பிறவா ராயினு மிமயத்துக்
கோடுயர்ந் தன்ன தம்மிசை நட்டுத்
தீதில் யாக்கையொடு மாய்தறவத் தலையே.

—கோப்பெருஞ்சோழன்

Shall we do good deeds

"They who have not assured their minds
By the vision [1] undoubting, pure, that aye endures,
Say not, 'shall we do good deeds or shall we not'.
Who hunts an elephant may gain an elephant;
Who hunts a quail, may come back with empty hand
Therefore if men have lofty aspirations,
They must carry them out in successful deeds, and so gain
Enjoyment of the world beyond the reach of sense.
Should this not be theirs, in some future birth they may win
release.
And if there be no future birth,—yet to found
Their fame on earth like Himalaya's lofty peak,
And to pass away with body unstained by evil,
Is surely asceticism's highest gain."

Piciranthaiyar came from the village of *Picir, Near Madura*; and so was not a subject of the king to whom he was so much attached. As *Anthai* means 'owl;' so the sobriquet was equal to the *Owl of Picir*, which may have been a sly hit at his verses. *Pottiyar*, on the other hand, seems to have lived at his friend and patron's capital. The name (if it be not a mere bye-name) signifies 'he of the hollow tree,' and the merry hearted king made a joke on this also, as we shall see. When Ko-Perum-Cholan, 'went to the north, his two friends went with him, but the king sent Pottiyar home, bidding him remain there till he had a son born to him, after which a place should be found for him in the retreat. He did not return, it seems, till after the king's death. All this is necessary to be kept in mind in reading the lyrics.

Piciranthaiyar, who was a true optimist, was once asked why, though old, he was not grey or decrepid; his reply is curious (191):—

1. See K. Ch. 36. *Kadei* is T's great word, and really= Faith.

சான்ருேர் பலர்யான் வாழுமூரே

[191]

யாண்டுபல வாக நரையில வாகுதல்
யாங்கா கியரென வினவுதி ராயின்
மாண்டவென் மனைவியொடு மக்களு நிரம்பினர்
யான்கண் டனையரென் னிளையரும் வேந்தனும்
அல்லவை செய்யான் காக்கு மதன்றலை
ஆன்றவிந் தடங்கிய கொள்கைச்
சான்ருேர் பலர்யான் வாழு மூரே.

—பிசிராந்தையார்

Around me dwell, Good men and true

"My years are many, yet my locks not grey;
You ask the reason why, 'tis simply this;
I have a worthy wife, and children too;
My servants move obedient to my will;
My king does me no evil, aye protects;
To crown the whole around me dwell
Good men and true, of chastened souls with knowledge filled".

At another time he was asked, "Who is your so much beloved king?" and he replied:

எங்கோ

[212]

நுங்கோ யாரென வினவி னெங்கோக்
களமர்க் கரித்த விளையல் வெங்கள்
யாமைப் புழுக்கிற் காமம் வீடவாரா
ஆரற் கொழுஞ்சூ டங்கவு ளடாஅ
வைகுதொழின் மடியு மடியா விழவின்
யாணர் நன்ருட் டுள்ளும் பாணர்
பைதற் சுற்றத்துப் பசிப்பகை யாகிக்
கோழி யோனே கோப்பெருஞ் சோழன்
பொத்தி னண்பிற் பொத்தியொடு கெழீஇ
வாயார் பெருநகை வைகலு நக்கே.

—பிசிராந்தையார்

The merry Monarch

If you ask us 'who is your king'? Our king is He who
To the labourers gives strong palm, wine strained and mellow,
And with the fat of turtle satiates their desire.
And fills their mouths with lamprey's rich roast flesh
They leave short toil for feast; the feast prolong:
In that good fertile land the minstrels with their kin
Find our king the foe of want and hunger's pangs:
He is the lord of *Kori*, the mighty *Chola* king.
He loves converse with *Potti*, whose friendship knows no flaw.[1]
All the day long he laughs with heart right glad:"

Had the bard of the *Naladi* heard this song? Assuredly in 137 he echoes its sentiment.

It seems that when the king was in his final retreat Piciranthaiyar did not join him at once and the ascetics around said:—'He will not come. Men do not remember their friends and benefactors when they are no longer able to help them'. To this the king replied in two short songs, in which he says, (215, 216):—

'Though he belongs to *Picir* in the Pandiyan's land, he stood by me in the time of wealth, will he not stand by me in my time of grief?'

'O ye of excellence fulfilled, he was ever full of pleasant qualities and ne'er despised me; he was joined to me by friendship's closest ties. He never delighted in falsehood that withers men's glory. When he spoke of me to others he was wont to call me, by virtue of his intimacy, the silly Cholan'.[2] In my time of grief he will not fail to come. Forthwith he will be here. Prepare his place by mine.'

This is another of his songs in praise of his king:

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1. A play on words: *Potti* means 'hollow'; but there is no hollowness in this Potti.

2. This illustrates *Kural*, Ch. 81 and Ch. 45.

நன்கல நல்குவ னினக்கே

[67]

அன்னச் சேவ லன்னச் சேவல்
ஆடுகொள் வென்றி யடுபோ ரண்ணல்
நாடுதலை யளிக்கு மொண்முகம் போலக்
கோடுகூடு மதிய முகிழ்நிலா விளங்கும்
மையன் மாலையாங் கையறு பினையக்
குமரியம் பெருந்துறை யயிரை மாந்தி
வடமலைப் பெயர்குவை யாயி னிடையது
சோழநன் னாட்டுப் படினே கோழி
உயர்நிலை மாடத்துக் குறும்பறை யசைஇ
வாயில் விடாது கோயில் புக்கெம்
பெருங்கோக் கிள்ளி கேட்க விரும்பிசிர்
ஆந்தை யடியுறை யெனினே மாண்டநின்
இன்புறு பேடை யணியத்தன்
நன்புறு நன்கல நல்குவ னினக்கே.

—பிசிராந்தையார்

He will give thee rich jewels

"O lordly male-swan! lordly male-swan!
Like the bright face of the king, who after gaining the victory, and slaying his foes,
Is gracious to his own land, rises the moon, two parts dark, and two parts light.
So shines he in the evening hour, while we are troubled in our wanton idleness.
Thou, having fed upon the grain that grows by the ford of *Kumari's* stream,
Goest northward to Himalaya's mount.
Happy in thy flight thou mayest linger in the Chola Land,
And with thy dear one mayest alight on the upper balcony of stately home of *Uraiyur*.
Stay not to ask the warder's leave,—unhindered enter the palace ; and when the great king *Killi* asks who thou art,
Say only, 'I come from neath the feet of *Anthai* of the great town of *Picir*.'
And forthwith he will give thee rich jewels, that shall delight the heart of her the noble love".

Against arbitrary taxation

The following is one of the very few songs of *Piciranthaiyar* not connected with Ko-Perum-Cholan. There was a young prince, called the learned *Pandiyan Nambi*, who was *of the Madura dynasty*, and renowned for his learning; but, it might seem, rather disposed to be tyrannical in government.

யானை புக்க புலம்

[184]

காய்நெல் லறுத்துக் கவளங் கொளினே
மாநிறை வில்லதும் பன்னாட் காகும்
நூறுசெறு வாயினுந் தமித்துப்புக் குணினே
வாய்புகு வதனினுங் கால்பெரிது கெடுக்கும்
அறிவுடை வேந்த னெறியறிந்து கொளினே
கோடி யாத்து நாடுபெரிது நந்தும்
மெல்லியன் கிழவ னாகி வைகலும்
வரிசை யறியாக் கல்லென் சுற்றமொடு
பரிவுதப வெடுக்கும் பிண்ட நச்சின்
யானை புக்க புலம்போலத்
தானு முண்ணா னுலகமுங் கெடுமே.

—*பிசிராந்தையார்*

It runs as follows:

The field entered by an elephant

"If an elephant take mouthfuls of ripe grain cut for it,
The twentieth part of an acre will yield it food for many days;
But if it enter a hundred fertile fields, with no keeper,
Its foot will trample down much more than its mouth receives.
So if a wise king, who knows the path of right take just his due,
His land will prosper, yielding myriadfold.
But, if the king, not softened by his knowledge, take just what he desires,
Nor heed prescriptions rule, feasting with song and dance

Amid his court and kindred, and show no love to his
subjects;
Like the field that elephant entered,
His kingdom will perish, and he himself will lose his all".

Pottiyar was sent back by his king, and bidden come again when his son had been born. On his arrival at the spot, when some years had elapsed, he found the place where his memorial was to be erected, and it seems as if it were the place where he like his beloved king and late companion was to end his days by voluntary abstinence from food. This is supposed to be his song addressed to his late master and friend. (and sure they were not words of love:) 222

என்னிடம் யாது?

[222]

அழலவிர் வயங்கிழைப் பொலிந்த மேனி
நிழலினும் போகாநின் வெய்யோள் பயந்த
புகழ்சால் புதல்வன் பிறந்தபின் வாவென
என்னிவ ணொழித்த வன்பி லாள
எண்ணா திருக்குவை யல்லை
என்னிடம் யாதுமற் றிசைவெய் யோயே.

—பொத்தியார்

Where is the place for me?

'You said,
"Go back, and come when she whose footsteps leave
Your shadow never, she adorned with radiant gems,
Your well-beloved, has borne you son of glorious worth."
Sure you forgot the friendship 'twixt us twain,—
But no, I was not so forgotten, much-loved one!
Where is the place designed for me?

கையறுநிலை

[221]

பாடுநர்க் கீத்த பல்புக ழன்னே
ஆடுநர்க் கீத்த பேரன் பினனே
அறவோர் புகழ்ந்த வாய்கோ லன்னே

திறவோர் புகழ்ந்த திண்ணன் பினனே
மகளிர் சாயன் மைந்தர்க்கு மைந்து
துகளறு கேள்வி யுயர்ந்தோர் புக்கில்
அனைய னென்னு தத்தக் கோனை
நினையாக் கூற்ற மின்னுயி ருய்த்தன்று
பைத லொக்கற் றழீஇ யதனை
வைகம் வம்மோ வாய்மொழிப் புலவீர்
நனந்தலை யுலக மரந்தை தூங்கக்
கெடுவி னல்லிசை சூடி
நடுக லாயினன் புரவல னெனவே.

—பொத்தியார்

The Dirge

"He had the praises manifold of ministrels whose wants he relieved ;
He was most loving to the dancers who resorted to his court ;
He swayed his sceptre in accordance with the teaching of sages ;
He culivated the friendship of the honoured wise ;
He was gentle to women, brave and strong in the face of the brave ;
He was the refuge of the spotless learned ones,
Such an one death did not consider, but carried off his sweet soul.
Therefore, my afflicted kinsfolk, let us
Embracing one another join in reviling death
Come, all ye bards, whose words are true !
He hath become a pillar planted in the wild,
Crowned with immortal praise!
Whi'e the wide world in sorrow mourns,
Such is the lot of him, who was our guardian true.

அழுங்கலாலை

[220]

பெருஞ்சோறு பயந்து பல்யாண்டு புரந்த
பெருங்களி றிழந்த பைதற் பாகன்
அதுசேர்ந் தல்கிய வழுங்க லாலை
வெளில்பா ழாகக் கண்டுகலுழ்ந் தாங்குக்
கலங்கினே னல்லனோ யானே பொலந்தார்த்

தேர்வண் கிள்ளி போகிய
பேரிசை மூதூர் மன்றம் கண்டே.

—பொத்தியார்

The Empty Stall

The song of *Pottiyar* when he returned from the north leaving his beloved king to die.

'The keeper who has lost the huge elephant which he daily supplied
With its ample meal, and tended for many a year,
Is sad as he surveys the vacant pillar where it stood,
And weeps. Even so, did I not grieve when I beheld
The courtyard in the ancient town where *Killi* is lived and died;
Killi, with wealth of chariots, o'ver which waved the conqueror's wreath' ?

வையாவிக் கோப்பெரும் பேகன்

Vaiyavi-ko-Perum Pegan.

One of the later chieftains celebrated for liberality was *Pegan*, or *more fully Vaiyavi-ko perum-pegan.* He was king, it is said, of a mountain fortress called *Nallur,** Its site is uncertain, for there were many towns bearing this title. His tribe is called the Avvaiyar, and of these too nothing is known, except the fact that they were related to the more celebrated *Vel Pari.* He is said to have been conquered by great Pandiyan, Nedum Celiyan. His little domain was on the coast of South of Madras, and was called *Milalai.* In it were the villages of Tunjalur and Tandalai. I hope some of the very able men connected with the Archaeological Survey may find it possible to supplement this.

His wife, whom for some reason or other he had put away, was called *Kannagi,* and she is represented as living alone in grief on a mountain apart.

* = 'good town'

Kabilar composed several odes on this theme, as did Paranar, Van-Paranar, Aricil-Kilar and Perum Kundrur Kilar. There are seven of these which are specially interesting.

The word *Vallal* applied to this and other chieftains signifies 'liberal or generous man.' Of these twenty-one are enumerated; and divided into three classes, the first, the middle and the last. It is not quite evident whether this is a distinction of time, or of excellence; but the last seven who are called 'the generous ones of the later time' are the only ones that have any footing in what can be called Tamil history. [1]

The following (141) is a species of song called *Atrupadai* or 'Introduction'; which is the name of a kind of lyric introducing anyone—minstrel, songstress, suppliant or learned man,—to some superior; and thus affords ample scope for eulogium of the benefactor to whom the wanderer is introduced. Here the poet *Paranar* says:—

நின்னினும் புல்லியேம்

[141]

பாணன் சூடிய பசும்பொற் றாமரை
மாணிழை விறலி மாலையொடு விளங்கக்
கடும்பரி நெடுந்தேர் பூட்டுவிட் டசைஇ
யூரீர் போலச் சுரத்திடை யிருந்தனிர்
யாரீ ரோவென வினவ லாற்றாக்
காரெ னொக்கற் கடும்பசி யிரவல
வென்வே லண்ணற் காணா வூங்கே

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1. The time must have been about that of the Saxon heptarchy. In reading this collection of 400 ancient Tamil Lyrics we are among extinct volcanoes. They are full of hints of dramatic situations and only by endeavouring to comprehend these can the student hope to gain a full perception of the beauty of the verses.

9

நின்னினும் புல்லியே மன்னே யினியே
இன்னே மாயி னேம் மன்னே யென்றும்
உடாஅ போரா வாகுத லறிந்தும்
படாஅ மஞ்ஞைக் கீத்த வெங்கோ
கடாஅ யானைக் கலிமான் பேகன்
எத்துணை யாயினு மீத்த னன்றென
மறுமை நோக்கின் றோ வன்றே
பிறர், வறுமை நோக்கின் றவன் கைவண் மையே.

—பரணர்

Worse than thine

"O supplicant, who with they tribe art wan
With hunger's pangs, you ask me who I am.
I came but late from trackless wilderness;
Now in this town I dwell, my prancing steeds
From chariot high unyoking leisurely.
This songstress by my side wears costly gems,
The minstrel, I, bear wreaths of golden lotus flowers.
Before I saw the king my state was worse than thine
Is now; this instant have I what you see become.
Our prince a garment rich unto the lone peafowl gave
Albeit he knew the bird no robes put on
Pegan, the lord of elephants and steeds,
Gives, for to give with lavish hand is good;
Nor looks for recompense in other worlds"[1]

The hill-chieftain *Pegan* is referred to in the *Pattu Pattu*, III 84-87, in these words:—

'Kindly hearted'

"The prince of Av'yar race, of goodly form and brave,—
Pegan, lord of the mighty crag encompassed mount,—
On hill-side rich and flourishing where rains fail not:—
Heard in the wilderness a peacock's call, and deemed
Its cry betokened cold, so a rich garment gave."

Another bard, *Perum Cittiranar*, mentions him in an enumeration of the seven (158) (10-12):—

1. Comp. 134; song to 'lame' Mociyar's Ay.

பேகன்

[158]

"ஈர்ந்தண் சிலம்பி னிருடூங்கு நளிமுழை
அருந்திறற் கடவுள் காக்கு முயர்சிமைப்
பெருங்க னாடன் பேகன்" —பெருஞ்சித்திரனார்

Pegan

"*Pegan*, lord of the mountain land
On whose cool heights are caverns deep,
Where darkness rules, and peaks defended by the god!"

The following is by Paranar :—

மாரிபோல் பேகன்

[142]

அறுகுளத் துகுத்து மகல்வயற் பொழிந்தும்
உறுமிடத் துதவா துவர்நில மூட்டியும்
வரையா மரபின் மாரி போலக்
கடாஅ யானைக் கழற்காற் பேகன்
கொடைமடம் படுத லல்லது
படைமடம் படான்பிறர் படைமயக் குறினே.

—பரணர்

' Pegan more discerning than the rain '

"The rain now fills the empty tanks ;—
Now pours on wide expanded fields ;—
And oft on salt and barren soil ;—
It knows no choice! *Pegan*, who rides
On elephant, gem-ankletted,
Recks not while lavishing his gifts ;
Yet when his foes draw out their hosts,
A keen discerning warrior he !"

The next is by Pari's friend *Kabilar* :—

அழுதனள் பெரிதே

[143]

மலைவான் கொள்கென வுயர்பலி தூஉய்
மாரி யான்று மழைமேக் குயர்கெனக்

கடவுட் பேணிய குறவர் மாக்கள்
பெயல்கண் மாறிய வுவகையர் சாரற்
புனத்தினை யயிலு நாட சினப்போர்க்
கைவள் ளீகைக் கடுமான் பேக
யார்கொ லளிய டானே நெருநற்
சுரனுழந்து வருந்திய வொக்கல் பசித்தெனக்
குணில்பாய் முரசி னிரங்கு மருவி
நளியிருஞ் சிலம்பிற் சீறூ ராங்கண்
வாயிற் றோன்றி வாழ்த்தி நின்று
நின்னுநின் மலையும் பாட வின்னா
திகுத்த கண்ணீர் நிறுத்தல் செல்லாள்
முலையக நனைப்ப விம்மிக்
குழலினை வதுபோ லழுதனள் பெரிதே. —கபிலர்

'The Mourning Queen'

"Lord of the land where men on millet feed.
On mountain slopes,—presenting many a gift
That pregnant clouds my gather o'er the hill
Praying anon too heavy rain may cease,
(So do the mountain-folk invoke their god' !)
Pegan, rich in gifts. Lord of charger swift :—
Who is the suppliant, for whom I plead ?...
But yesterday I trod the desert path
My people round me faint for lack of food.
A hamlet small stood on the lofty hill,
Where sounding cataracts make music to the vales.
I prais'd thee and thy mountain there. I saw
Her shedding bitter tears. She wiped them quick away ;
They sprang afresh, bedewed her gentle breast.
And tenderly she wept, complaining like
The mournful voice of slender flute."

This was *Kannagi, Pegan's queen*, who had been banished to a small hamlet on the crest of the mountain, and it is on her behalf that the poet intercedes.

Again and again the poets sing to Pegan one song 'bring back your queen, we ask no other boon.'

The following also is Paranar's on the same theme (144) :—

எம்போ லொருத்தி

[144]

அருளா யாகலோ கொடிதே யிருள்வாய்ச்
சிறியாழ் செவ்வழி பண்ணி யாழநின்
காரெதிர் கானம் பாடினே மாக
நீனறு நெய்தலிற் பொலிந்த வுண்கண்
கலுழ்ந்துவா ரரிப்பனி பூணக நனைப்ப
இனைத லானா ளாக இளையோய்
கிளையை மன்னெங் கேள்வெய் யோற்கென
யாந்தற் றொழுதனம் வினவக் காந்தள்
முகையுரை விரலிற் கண்ணீர் துடையா
யாமவன் கிளைஞரே மல்லேங் கேளினி
எம்போ லொருத்தி நலனயந் தென்றும்
வருஉ மென்ப வயங்குபுகழ்ப் பேகன்
ஒல்லென வொலிக்குந் தேரொடு
முல்லை வேலி நல்லூ ரானே. —பரணர்

One like me

"Ah! cruel 'tis to show no pitying grace!
At eventide upon my little lute
I played a plaintive song, and praised
Thy land where heaven unfailing blessing pours.
And one whose eyes like the dark *Neythal* [1] gleam
Wept till the tears fell on her jewelled breast,
By ceaseless sorrow bowed. I bending low
Questioned, "Are you akin to my loved friend?"
With fingers like the *Kanthal* [2] buds she brushed
Away her tears, and quick replied, "No kin!
But, list, they say that *Pegan*, glorious chief,
Was wont erewhile, in sounding chariot borne,
With tender love to seek out one like me [3]
In the 'good-town' by frangrant jasmin girt."

is by the same minstrel :—

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1. *Neythal*—the dark blue water-lily.
2. *Kanthal*—the *Gloriosa Superba*.
3. She seems to say she is the once loved, but now forsaken one.

அரும்படர் களைமே

[145]

மடத்தகை மாமயில் பனிக்குமென் றருளிப்
படாஅ மீத்த கெடாஅ நல்லிசைக்
கடாஅ யானைக் கலிமான் பேக
பசித்தும் வாரேம் பாரமு மிலமே
களங்கனி யன்ன கருங்கோட்டுச் சீறியாழ்
நயம்புரிந் துறையுநர் நடுங்கப் பண்ணி
அறஞ்செய் தீமோ அருள்வெய் யோயென
இஃதியா மிரந்த பரிசிலஃ திருளின்
இனமணி நெடுந்தே ரேறி
இன்னு துறைவி யரும்படர் களைமே. —பரணர்

'Go, Wipe Away her Tears

Pegan, whose fame dies not,
Who gave in pity garment rare
To screen the peafowl's tender form,
Thou lord of raging elephant and fiery steed:
We come, not hunger-driven, nor with a needy band;
We take our little lute, black as the *Kala's*[1] round,
And making music sweet, soul-ravishing, we say;
"Thou lovest kindly grace, do one good deed i
The only boon we ask of thee is this:
At night-fall mount thy chariot bright with gems:—
Go, soothe the sorrow sore of her who grieves alone."

Another minstrel,—*Aricil-Kilar*,—sings the same song (146):—

நெடுந்தேர் பூண்க

[146]

அன்ன வாகநின் னருங்கல வெறுக்கை
அவைபெறல் வேண்டேம் மடுபோர்ப் பேக
சீறியாழ் செவ்வழி பண்ணிநின் வன்புல
நன்னுடு பாட வென்னை நயந்து
பரிசி னல்குவை யாயிற் குரிசினீ

1. *Kala—Carissa.*

நல்கா மையி னேவரச் சாஅய்
அருந்துய ருழக்குநின் றிருந்திழை யரிவை
கலிமயிற் கலாவங் கால்குவித் தன்ன
ஒலிமென் கூந்தற் கமழ்புகை கொளீஇத்
தண்கமழ் கோதை புனைய
வண்பரி நெடுந்தேர் பூண்கநின் மாவே. —அரிசில்கிழார்

Yoke to thy mighty car

"By thy rare gems and treasures what they may,
We seek not these, *O Pegan*, great in war.
When with our little lyre, in tender strains
The fruitful fields of thy good land we sing,
If pleased thou boon on me bestow, O king!
Thy spouse. erewhile with choicest gems adorned
Now suffers bitter grief because no love is hers.
Let her this night perfume her tresses bright
Like peafowl's plumes upgathered by the wind,
And wreathe her brow with fragrant blooms!
Yoke to thy mighty car they swiftest steeds!"

And yet another—*Perun-Kunrur-Kilar*, echoes the supplication (147) :—

அது மன் எம் பரிசில்

[147]

கன்முழை யருவிப் பன்மலை நீந்திச்
சீறியாழ் செவ்வழி பண்ணி வந்ததைக்
கார்வா னின்னுறை தமியள் கேளா
நெருந லொருசிறைப் புலம்புகொண் டுறையும்
அரிமதர் மழைக்க ணம்மா வரிவை
நெய்யொடு துறந்த மையிருங் கூந்தல்
மண்ணுறு மணியின் மாசற மண்ணிப்
புதுமலர் கஞல வின்று பெயரின்
அதுமனெம் பரிசி லாவியர் கோவே.

The boon I ask

"O'er mountain paths by crag-born torrents rent,
To sing my plaintive song, with little lute,

I come.—Alone she hears the rain-drops fall,
So sweet to happier ears: But yesterday
She sat and wept, with liquid eyes of love,
Thy *Queen*. Today if thou shouldst visit her,
The tresses' wealth, uncared for long, again should gleam,
Pure as the gems they wear, with garlands fresh adorned,
O Av'yar chief, this is sole boon I ask."

The history does not fill in the romance, nor say whether these intercessions were successful or not; but the student of Tamil will again and again read with delight the elegant phrases, mingled with genuine simple pathos, in which they urge their supplications.

She had very probably been kind to them in her happier days, and now that some intrigues in the petty court have brought about her temporary disgrace, they do not forsake her, but plead her cause, in the face, no doubt, of a powerful clique that upholds some newer favourite of the fickle king.

All honour to the faithful bards.

Purananuru Ends.

புறப்பொருள் வெண்பாமாலை

பாட்டு முதற்குறிப்பு அகரவரிசை

[எண் : பக்க எண்]

அங்கட் கிணையன்	15	கொடுவரி கூடிக்	11
அங்கையுள் நெல்லி	22	கொல்களி றூர்வர்	57
அருவரை பாய்ந்	34	சங்குங் கருங்	21
அழுங்கனீர் வையகத்	20	செங்கண் மழவிடை	29
அறாஅ நிலை	6	சூழ்ந்த நிரை	11
அனைய அமருள்	46	தண்டா விருப்பினள்	13
ஆடரவம் பூண்டான்	37	தமருள் தலையாதல்	30
ஆளி மணிக்கொடி	17	தளரியல் தாய்புதல்வர்	42
இகலே துணையா	10	தாமரை மார்பினன்	31
இம்மூ வுலகின்	49	தொடியணிதோள் ஆடவர்	57
இயவர் புகழ	32	நிலையும் நிரையும்	9
இளிகொண்ட தீஞ்	14	நெடிபடு கானத்து	7
இறுமுறை எண்ணு	15	பலிபெறு நன்ன	31
உய்ந்தொழிவார்	9	புலிக்கணமும் சியமும்	21
உழுது பயன்கொண்	47	புல்லார் நிரைகருதி	16
உறையார் விசும்பின்	50	புன்மேய்ந் தசைஇ	12
எழுதெழில் மாடத்	39	பௌவம் பணைமுழங்க	30
எழுவணி சீறூர்	7	பொய்யகல நாளும்	22
ஒள்வாள் மலைந்	14	போர்க்குப் புணைமன்	35
ஓதங் கரைதவழ்	46	மண்டமர்த் திண்தோள்	43
கயக்கிய நோய்	51	மண்டு மெரியுண்	6
கழுதார் பறந்தலை	42	மாலை துயல	59
களமர் கதிர்மணி	32	முந்தை முதல்வர்	16
கன்னின்முன் எந்தை	49	மூவரும் நெஞ்சமர	48
காணில் அரணுங்	18	மொய்யணல் ஆனிரை	12
கார்கருதி நின்ற	40	வின்முன் கணைதெரியும்	50
காலார் கழலார்	20	வெங்தொழிற் கூற்றமு	43
குடையலர் காந்தள்	56	வெல்பொறியும் நாடும்	41
குரையழல் மண்டிய	33	வெள்ளம்போல் தானை	48
கூற்றினத் தன்னார்	8		

புறப்பொருள் வெண்பாமாலை

கொளு

[எண் : பக்க எண்]

அருஞ்சுரத்துப்	12
அழிவின்று புகழ்	43
ஆற்றார் ஒழியக்	21
இறுத்தபின் அழிபிர	33
ஈண்டியநிரை	15
உரவெய்யோன்	12
எண்ணார் பல்லெயில்	39
ஏப்புழை ஞாயில்	37
ஒளியினீங்கா விறற்	17
கலவா மன்னர்	56
கவர்கணைச் சுற்றங்	14
சூடார் முனை கொள்ளை	32
கேள்வியாற் சிறப்பெய்தி	46
செங்களத்து மறங்	40
செறுதொழிலிற் சேணீ	47
தாம்படைத் தலைக்கொள்	41
தொடுகழன்	16
தொட்டிமிழுங்	14
நிரைகோள் கேட்டுச்	20
நோக்கரும் குறும்பி	9
பற்றார் தம்	9
புகழொடு பெருமை	48
பொய்யாது புள்மொழி	16
பொன்புனைந்த கழலடி	41
மண்டிணி ஞாலத்து	22
மலைத்தெழுந்தோர் மறஞ்	20
மன்னவன் புகழ்	31
மேல்மூவரும் மனம்	48
வள்வார் முரசமொடு	30
வாடா வஞ்சி	29
வார்வலந்த	13
வாலிழையோர் வினை	18
வாள்வாய்த்த வடுவாழ்	43
வியலிட மருள	35
விரைபரி கடவி	10
விரும்பார் அமரிடை	57
வில்லேர் உழவர்	8
விறற்படை மறவர்	57
வெட்சி யாரைக்	21
வெண்கண்ணியும் கருங்	46
வெண்கோட்ட களிறெறி	42
வெம்முனை நிலை	15
வென்றார்த்து	10
வேஞ்சின மாற்றான்	34

புறநானூறு

பாட்டு முதற்குறிப்பு அகரவரிசை

[எண் : பக்க எண்]

அடங்கிய கற்பி	62
அடுநை யாயினும்	76
அருளா யாகலோ	133
அழலவிர் வயங்கி	126
அறுகுளத் துகுத்து	131
அன்னச் சேவ	124
அன்ன வாகலின்	134
ஆனா வீகை	84
ஆன்முலை யறுத்த	72
இரவலர் புரவலை	94
இல்லா கியரோ	58
இவற்கீத் துண்மதி	17
இளையோர் சூடார்	55
இனிநினைந் திரக்க	54
ஈயென விரத்த	93
ஈர்ந்தண் சிலம்பி	131
ஏறுடைப் பெருநிரை	23
ஐயோ வெனின்	61
ஒருதிசை யொருவனை	97
ஒன்னார் யானை	99
ஓவத் தன்ன	53
கலஞ்செய்...அச்சுடை	61
கலஞ்செய் கோவே	109
கவிசெந் தாழிக்	111
கறங்குவெள் ளருவி	54
கன்முழை யருவி	135
காய்நெல் லறுத்து	125
காலனும் காலம்	83
குன்று மலையும்	113
கையது கடனிறை	87
செய்குவங் கொல்லோ	120
செருப்பிடைச் சிறுபர	18
செற்றன் றாயினுஞ்	107
தேஎந் தீந்தொடை	88
தொடியுடைய தோண்	51
நஞ்சுடை வாலெயிற்	77
நளியிரு முந்நீர்	74
நறவுந் தொடுமின்	13
நனிபே தையே	108
நாளன்று போகி	98
நின்னயந் துறை	102
நீயே, பிறரோ	82
நீயே, புறவி	86
நீரற வறியா	36
நுங்கோ யாரென	122
நெடுநீர நிறை	113
பதிமுதற் பழகாப்	115
பல்சான் றீரே	60
பாடுநர்க் கீத்த	126
பாணன் சூடிய	129
புறவி னல்லல்	80
பெருஞ்சோறு பயந்து	127
பொன்னுந் துகிரு	65
மடத்தகை மாமயில்	134
மண்டம ரட்ட	119
மலைவான் கொள்	131
மழையணி குன்றத்து	92
மன்னு வுலகத்து	95
மாக்கட னிவந்தெழு	29
முழங்கு முந்நீர்	70
முற்றிய திருவின்	106
யாங்குப்பெரி தாயினு	53
யாண்டுபல வாக	122
யாதும் ஊரே	67
யான்வாழு நாளும்	103
வருதார் தாங்கி	44
வருகதில் வல்லே	62
வரைபுரையு மழக	78
வாழு நாளோ	10
வெள்ளியு மிருவிசும்	116
வேழம் வீழ்த்த	90

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